



The Improvement **ERA**

VOLUME 35 FEBRUARY,
Return Postage Guaranteed

1932
Salt Lake City, Utah

NUMBER 4



SPECIAL OFFER

Twenty-six Well Filled
Vegetable Packets
\$1 postpaid

Catalog Here Shown
1/4 actual size.



PLAN NOW to PLANT

Full details on How to
Make "An Outdoor
Living Room."



1932 CATALOG *free* ON REQUEST

IT'S NOW READY!

It's FREE to you—this beautiful and valuable 100-page 1932 Catalog—one of the most instructive books ever published for free distribution in the Intermountain States. Brimful of just the vital information that every Home Owner desires and needs.

Profusely illustrated on every page, this new Catalog describes in detail the vegetables, trees, shrubs and flowering plants best adapted to western conditions. Tells you how to grow gardens for profit and gardens for pleasure, with dependable information on landscape beautifying.

Send for your Catalog today—use the coupon at the left. Then plan and enjoy a Vegetable Health Garden and an Outdoor Living Room. Landscaping advice free.

SEND THIS COUPON
for Your FREE Catalog

Name.....
Address.....

PORTER-WALTON CO.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The Improvement ERA

Vol. 35, No. 4

FEBRUARY, 1932

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education

FORECAST

INDIANS — yesterday, to-day, tomorrow — will be introduced in the March issue of the *Improvement Era*. Franklin Stewart Harris will take you to the ruins of Mexico — Yucatan — where the Indians built beautiful temples and monuments. Several authors, including teachers at Fort Hall and White rocks, will introduce you to the Indians of to-day; and C. Frank Steele will suggest what the Indian tomorrow may be. Besides, Albert Wilkes has furnished a fine photographic study of an aged Indian. You'll like that March number.

WE'RE short on fiction this issue. That was brought about by our being so eager to give George Washington and February as much of the magazine as possible. We have some fine stories in print waiting. Watch for them.

THE COVER

WE hope you like the cover. We could think of nothing more appropriate for February this year.

For Every Member of the Family

EDITORIALS

His First Love Was the Gospel of Christ	Heber J. Grant	194
George Washington	Harrison R. Merrill	195
What Will You Buy With Your Auto License?	Harrison R. Merrill	196

ARTICLES

Washington—A Monument to a Man	A. Rex Johnson	197
Greatness in Men—Reed Smoot	Bryant S. Hinckley	201
George Washington—Athlete	G. Ott Romney	204
Utah Leaps to Leadership in Thrilling Winter Sport	Louis W. Larsen	206
Saving or Demonstrating Your Religion, Which?	M. Wilford Paulson	209
How We Built Our Rock Garden	Lizzie H. Welker	212
Our Curious Friend of Ground-Hog Day	Felix J. Koch	214
Social Conventions	Adah R. Naylor	215
Beauty in the Home—Harmony	Lucie H. Fryer	216
Glancing Through	Elsie T. Brandley	222

FICTION

The Back-Tracker	Frank G. Robertson	210
A Daughter of Martha (Serial Story)	Ivy W. Stone	218

POETRY

Reunion	L. Paul Roberts	200
Washington	Linda S. Fletcher	205
Mother of Washington	Sarah A. Nelson	205
Valentine	Ruth Wright	221
Winter's Gown	Camille C. Nuffer	221
Life is Like That	Georgiana A. Millett	221
Many Different People	Carlton Culmsee	221
A Bit of Nonsense	Ina	221
Star Dust	Dorothy J. Buchanan	221
Gourmand	Alberta H. Christensen	221
Memory	Florence H. Townsend	221
Lament (On the Passing of the Silent Film)	Emily C. Burke	227
Anonymous	Estelle Webb Thomas	227
Who Can It Be?	May C. Shaw	233
A Task	L. H. Welker	238

DEPARTMENTS

Church Music Committee	Edward P. Kimball	229
Priesthood Quorums		231
Mutual Messages		
Executive Department		234
Community Activity		237
M Men-Gleaners		238
M Men		239
Gleaner Girls		240
Junior Girls		241
Bee-Hive Girls		242
Vanguards-Scouts		243

Published monthly by the GENERAL BOARDS OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS

Melvin J. Ballard, *Business Mgr.*
Clarissa A. Beesley, *Asst. Bus. Mgr.*
O. B. Peterson, *Asst. Bus. Mgr.*
George Q. Morris,
Rachel Grant Taylor,
Chairmen Era and Publicity

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:
406 CHURCH OFFICE BLDG., SALT LAKE CITY, UT.
Copyright, 1931, by the Young Men's Mutual Improvement
Association Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints. All rights reserved.
Subscription price, \$2.00 a year, in advance;
20c a Single Copy.

Entered at the Post Office, Salt
Lake City, Utah, as second-class
matter. Acceptance for mailing at
special rate of postage provided for
in section 1103, Act of October,
1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

EDITORIAL

Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor



Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

Heber J. Grant, Editor

His First Love Was the Gospel of Jesus Christ

BEFORE starting to pay my tribute of respect to my dear departed associate I am going to read from a vision given to the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, known as section 76 of the Doctrine and Covenants; and before reading it I wish to say that there was absolutely no doubt in the mind of Charles W. Nibley that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon had this vision, and that everything contained in this section found a perfect faith in his very being.

"And this is the gospel, the glad tidings, which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us—

"That he came into the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness;

"That through him all might be saved whom the Father had put into his power and made by him;

"Who glorifies the Father, and saves all the works of his hands, except those sons of perdition who deny the Son, after the Father has revealed him."

And they are very few indeed. The gospel of Jesus Christ as believed in by Charles W. Nibley reaches out to those who have died without hearing it; we perform temple ordinances for them. It reaches out to all mankind, and eventually all shall be saved, except only those who have had an individual knowledge of Jesus Christ and then denied Him.

Every word that I have read to you found perfect lodgment in the heart of Charles W. Nibley. His first love was the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He had a perfect and absolute knowledge of the divinity of the work in which he was engaged.

One of the most severe tests, in this church, I maintain, is for a man, when he makes thousands, tens of thousands, and even hundreds of thousands of dollars, to live up to the law of tithing.

No more honest, conscientious tithe-payer, I believe, ever lived than Charles W. Nibley. When he was called to be the Presiding Bishop of the Church his tithing was more than double the amount the Church allowed him as compensation for his services; but he was perfectly willing to sacrifice his interests in which he was so successful in Oregon and come here and give his time and attention—the best that was in him—for the magnifying of the important office that had come to him.

It is only right that I should say with respect to his administration as Presiding Bishop of the Church that he had a deep and abiding love for the poor. He never hesitated on any occasion to make an appropriation for them. He had no respect, however, for the lazy, indifferent person, for the beggar, so to speak, who did not have sufficient energy to take

care of himself.

I could stand here and pay tribute to Brother Nibley by the hour. It is in accordance with his own request that we are having a brief service. He did not want much music; he did not want a great parade. It was his wish that not more than three Latter-day Saint hymns be sung."

Of course I know nothing of the intimate associations of Presidents Taylor, Woodruff, Snow, and Smith, in the Presidency of the Church, but I do not believe that any three men ever spent six and one-half years more congenially and with greater harmony than have Presidents Ivins and Nibley and myself during our occupancy of our positions as Presidency of the Church.

A large, elegant cursive signature of Heber J. Grant, written in dark ink.

"For God gave us not a spirit of fearfulness; but of power, and love, and discipline."—St. Paul.

George Washington

TWO Hundred Years!

The good that men do also lives after them. Two hundred years have walked silently over America since the boy—George Washington—was born. Those years have brought rapid changes—they have observed the Thirteen Colonies changing into a struggling Republic and growing into a rich and powerful Nation. But every year has brought her tribute to the boy and man whose genius, whose loyalty, whose devotion to a cause have been built into several hundred million hearts, until the shadow of George Washington rises to colossal proportions—a great sustaining power behind the country which he labored so heroically to establish.

Two Hundred Years!

Heart Power is an invisible force—a sort of ether which binds the ages together. George Washington loved fully a cause and that love has colored the thinking of millions of people in this as well as in other countries. He was more than soldier, diplomat, statesman—he was a great lover. He loved his Virginia hills; he loved his home and his right to live his own life; he loved Americans and America. For two hundred years that love has been operative. Behind American thinking is that love. It is the groundwork upon which American life is built.

Two Hundred Years!

When one sees the tall, straight shaft, a most fitting monument to his memory; when one sees the great city which bears his name; when one visits Mount Vernon and walks in the rose garden where he walked more than a hundred years ago; across the lawns which he planted; through the rustic rooms of his homey home; or sits upon the wide veranda where he once sat to view his loved Potomac, one senses more than elsewhere the character of the man who could win a great war, establish a great nation, reign for a season as its chief executive and then

retire to the simple life of a country landholder. And then when one follows a winding path among evergreen trees and comes upon a simple vault and glances in to see George and Martha Washington, at home, sleeping upon the soil which they loved, beside the lawn which they arranged, underneath

the trees which they planted, with the broad bosom of the Potomac gleaming through the foliage, one feels the fitness of things. The great marble shaft reared by a loving people should be in Washington where the public life of the great leader was known, but he should sleep at home close to the land he loved.

During this bicentennial millions of people all over the world, in divers tongues, will pay homage to the great American. They will tell the stories of his conquests and of his defeats—for he did have some defeats as all active men must have. They will tell you how a boy with Truth and Loyalty to a Cause as the rock foundation of his character led not only a few colonies but a world as well toward a new conception of the Christian ideal—the Brotherhood of man. Millions will turn their faces toward Washington, D. C., the city which is a monument to the memory of a man, in order to see what his eyes beheld and, in addition, what men have done to honor him. None will be disappointed.

Two Hundred Years!

What pictures come! The dutiful son; the young surveyor; the budding soldier; the great general; the wise statesman; the beloved President; the tender homeowner! And through them all—binding all of these characters together with golden threads—loyalty, devotion, dedication—love!

Two Hundred Years!



Washington Monument at night by floodlight—a new device for protecting night fliers.

What Will You Buy With Your Auto License?

NOW that the time has arrived for us all to buy our 1932 automobile licenses, it might be well to give some thought to what we expect to purchase along with the metal plates.

Every person who drives an automobile on the public highway must not forget that he is, in a measure, responsible not only for himself but for those who are using the highway at the same time. That is, he who purchases license plates, buys along with them a tremendous amount of responsibility.

The property and life loss through the careless or inefficient management of cars throughout the nation is staggering. In many cases, from the angle of the law, the accidents are "unavoidable", but the participants know that the word unavoidable applies only to the legal aspects of the case. It means that neither of the parties may sue with hope of success. The participants know that one or both were careless. The really unavoidable accidents are very few, indeed.

People who shudder at the words "manslaughter" and "murder" drive blithely along in their high-powered machines seemingly little concerned about whether they run down a pedestrian or not, or whether they overturn their own or somebody else's car with probable resultant loss of life. They seem to think that if the law excuses them that they are excused. Not so; there are higher laws—the laws of one's own conscience—and the laws of God. To God all people are important whether they have to walk in the swelter of the noon-day heat or whether they may loll in the luxurious seats of limousines. A life taken is a life extinguished—a light put out—a radiance dimmed. What if some one had run down the boy Thomas Edison or Herbert Hoover?

Here are some "I Will's" to have in mind when you purchase your license:

1. I will drive carefully at all times.

2. I will keep my lights properly adjusted, and will use only legitimate globes.

3. I will main-

tain my brakes in good condition and never use speed beyond their power to control.

4. I will form the habit of driving on my side of the road.

5. I will exercise caution in passing or meeting cars.

6. I will observe crossing signs and signals.

7. I will cross railroads with great care, making sure that there is not the slightest danger.

8. I will sound my horn and be careful when backing out from the curb.

9. I will always park my car beyond the danger line.

10. If I should figure in any kind of an accident, I will stop and render aid and do what I should do under the circumstances toward repairing damage.

11. I will see to it that my car is not operated by children under the legal age.

12. I will assume more than my share of the responsibility of keeping highways and streets safe for traffic.

We hope you will not buy sorrow with your license plates.

The Indians Are Coming!

WHEN the Latter-day Saints left the Missouri River they found themselves in Indian country and remained in Indian country to their journey's end. In fact, they settled among the Indians more than a thousand miles from the settlements of the whites far to the east and nearly a thousand miles from the settlements on the West coast.

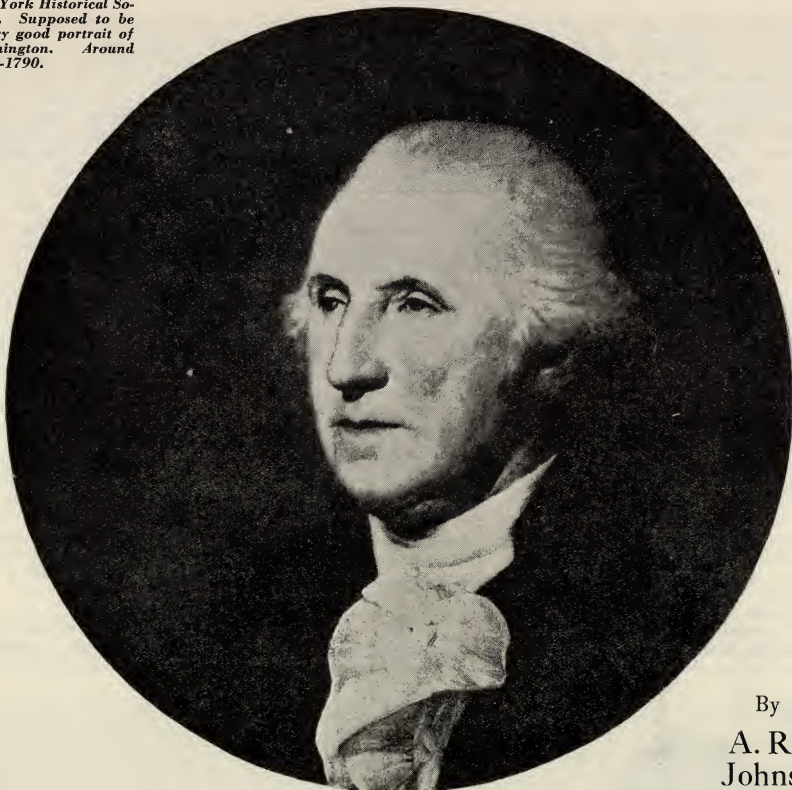
Indians were constant visitors in practically every town in Mormondom and in practically every home. Indians, to Latter-day Saints, however, were not mere savages—they were God's children with a proud ancestry. For that reason the Church took interest in them.

Next month *The Improvement Era* will feature Indians, in addition to other interesting material.



Abraham Lincoln, You Are Not Forgotten! Though this year the nation and the world is celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of your great predecessor, you, Abraham Lincoln, friend of the free as well as of the slave, are not forgotten. Your turn will come. You will live forever in the hearts of just and good men.

Portrait by Charles Willson Peale, from New York Historical Society. Supposed to be a very good portrait of Washington. Around 1789-1790.



By
A. Rex
Johnson

Photographs by courtesy of George Washington Bicentennial Commission

Washington

A Monument to a Man

A CITY steeped in the traditions of a colorful past, yet alive to the problems of the present and awakened to the possibilities of a glorious future, is the Washington of today. Upon this Capital City is now focused national and international interest, for here will be centered the year-long series of tributes to

George Washington, the nation's First President.

Through activities of the six-year-old George Washington Bicentennial Commission has been stimulated in every hamlet and city in the nation and beyond—"wherever there are those who love ordered liberty"—a quickened interest in George Washing-

ton. The dissemination of authoritative but hitherto unknown facts regarding the man and his times has given impulse to a desire for more information. That Commission has also been instrumental in outlining programs for a series of worthy celebrations by schools, clubs, civic organizations, and even by states.

In this article the reader is given a glimpse of the "Washington that is and the Washington that is to be"—the city that is a monument to a man. The article is written by one who has spent several years on the boulevards, in the government buildings, the churches, the libraries, and the universities of the "City Beautiful".

"Washington has come to personify the American Republic," President Coolidge said. A greater emphasis is given this statement in the lead the Capital City will take in the special celebrations on February 22, June 14, July 4, and Thanksgiving Day. An active local committee is directing in an outstanding way the city movement in making the commemoration an epochal event. Persons connected with the activities in the District of Columbia estimate that approximately 8,000,000 visitors will be attracted to Washington during the year; besides

the usual number of honey-mooners and pleasure-seeking tourists, there will be the pilgrims who come to pay homage, and the delegates of the more than 135 organizations attending the conventions which have been scheduled for 1932. During the year these badge-wearing convention-goers will be constantly in evidence.

DESPITE the belated realization of the carefully-laid plans for a Capital City formulated during the administration of George Washington, the first engineer-president, more than 140 years ago, the City of Washington is experiencing tremendous growth at the present time under a second engineer-president. The civic and architectural plans of L'Enfant, the French army engineer of that early period, are now coming to fruition. George Washington appointed his friend L'Enfant to plan the city, and this plan provided a simple framework on which expansion has been easily made. President Hoover says, "I am glad that the opportunity has come to me as President to contribute to impulse and leadership

in the improvement of the National Capital."

"Usually by design and seldom by chance," the city has grown year by year. The United States Treasury building, poorly and arbitrarily located by President Andrew Jackson, is the one important violation of the Washington-L'Enfant plan for the city beautiful. The story goes that President Jackson became impatient at the long delayed choosing of a site for the building, and finally stalked out of the White House one morning, stuck his cane into the ground and ordered, "Build it here"—and there it is. Lady Macbeth's "What's done is done!" tersely describes the situation.

However, many less famous and well-built structures of the days of kerosene lamps, horse cars and red flannels are falling before the revived plans for coordinated building in line with the original effort; also block after block of the "some beautiful, some frightful" red-brick and row-house residences of older days are giving way to progress.

THE approaching of the Bicentennial activities combined with the need to provide employ-

Mt. Vernon, last home of George and Martha Washington.





Mt. Vernon estate from the air

ment in the present unemployment situation, has stimulated the physical developments in the National Capital along the line of location of edifices and avenues, as projected by L'Enfant. New and "stately palaces of granite and marble," to house the United States Supreme Court, the Municipal Center, the new House Office Building, and the United States Botanical Gardens are in process of construction, and the gigantic Commerce Building is just being occupied. There are also being completed the adorned approaches to the Capital, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the Arlington Memorial Bridge, and the Arlington Memorial Highway. All these will cost more than \$400,000,000. These edifices, and those preceding and to follow,

"* * * will be the substance of all that builders have dreamed, from Greece, Rome, Babylon and Luxor, to the Taj Mahal, Versailles and Potsdam,"

in making "an architectural triumph of the ages."

Washington is yet far behind Paris in its beauties, but the plac-

ing of responsibility for progress in specialized hands augurs well for the future. The tasks entailed in carrying out these far-reaching plans of construction and beautification rest with the Fine Arts Commission, created in 1910, and the Capital Parks and Planning Commission, created after the World War. The jurisdiction of these commissions embraces a metropolitan area forty miles in diameter, and includes the building

designs, highways and approaches, landscaping, monuments, and all related activities.

The public works extant and those in progress or specifically planned, will make of the Capital City a truly worthy and artistic monument to the First President, who

founded it and in whose honor it was named, even though he reluctantly acquiesced.

FROM the great Capitol on the hill and the stately White House two miles away wide avenues of the city radiate, and on them these avenues converge. While the original plan placed the

Looking through the veranda at the Mt. Vernon mansion down the placid old Potomac.



Capitol (the pivotal point of the city) facing East, in which direction it was thought the residential section would expand, such development has been largely to the West. Now the Capitol, like Janus, stands with two faces—the original toward the East, and the other and less impressive one, toward the West. The face toward the rising sun looks on Justice and Education—Justice in the form of the new dwelling for the Supreme Court of the United States, and Education in the form of the magnificent Library of Congress and the ultra-new Folger Memorial Library to the bard Shakespeare.

To the West the face looks on outstanding developments in commerce, the arts, and science—those developments which have been fostered by education, guarded by justice.

Among the many beautiful edifices in this western portion of the city are the churches with their old- and new-world architecture. Chief among these is the Washington Cathedral on Mt. Albans, a church for "national purposes" as envisioned in the L'Enfant plan. Not the least important of these churches is the new chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being reared on exclusive Sixteenth Street.

WASHINGTON is a city without industry—its existence being only to provide a seat for governmental activities and a home for public servants. It is the home of a vast array of men of science, retired men of wealth, retired army and navy officers, persons of scholarly ambitions, and a host of more than 85,000 men and

women serving the municipal and national government, from every state in the union. A "native Washingtonian" is indeed a rare individual.

The newest edifice to house government employees is the \$17,500,000 Commerce Building just completed. It measures 1060x320 feet, and stands on 80 miles of concrete piling. Huge office structures are commonplace in Washington, as are also the more than six hundred parks, the scores of stately monuments, the tree-fringed avenues, the headquarters of more than fifty foreign diplomatic services, the two hundred libraries, the seven recognized universities, the seventy-seven hotels, and the more than six hundred eating places.

NO commonplaceness attaches to the Capitol or the White House, nor to the shrines. There

is only one Washington Monument, and there is only one Lincoln Memorial. Both have their charms reflected in the placid waters of the mirror-like lagoon between them. In contrast to the upright simplicity of the giant obelisk which is the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial is a perfect symbol of that often quoted phrase, "Architecture is frozen music." At its dedication in 1922, President Taft pronounced it "the culmination of the highest art of which America is capable."

Leading from these two memorial edifices, and connecting the Capital with Arlington National Cemetery and its classic amphitheatre, its Lee Mansion and its tombs, is the new Arlington Memorial Highway Bridge. This magnificent structure of granite, steel, and aluminum, is the beginning of the new George Washington Memorial Highway, to be

dedicated this year. This parkway follows the historic old Potomac River, past the world's largest airport, past miles of reverential weeping willow trees lining the river banks, to Mt. Vernon, the "most venerated private home in America." Mt. Vernon was the last home, and is now the burial spot of George and Martha Washington, and many of their kinfolk. The whole Mt. Vernon estate is a national shrine to which thousands make their pilgrimage yearly. Not the least notable of these are the visits of children, virtually duplicating the children crusades of old.

Dr. C. J. Galpin, the great rural sociologist, writes:

"I cannot get away from the memory of Mt. Vernon, as a farmhouse, a farm home, which may carry its humanizing lesson to every American farmer. (Cont. on page 224)"



Reunion

*Perhaps the wind is bleak,
I cannot tell;
To me, it merely whispers:
"All is well".*

*Perhaps the way is dreary,
Mile on mile;
I only know it leads me
To your smile.*

*And, waiting at trail's end,
I wish you knew
The charm of any road
That leads to you.*

—L. Paul Roberts.

Greatness in Men

Here is the story of a brand of heroism such as always fires the imagination of ambitious Americans who are proud of the fact that the trail is open to them from the "lowliest cabin to the stars".



Reed Smoot

By Bryant S. Hinckley, *President of Liberty Stake*

ONE of the most dramatic and picturesque events of the brave days of pioneering in Utah was the historic journey of three messengers from a camp one hundred miles East of Fort Laramie to Salt Lake City carrying the news of the coming of Johnston's Army. These messengers covered by team a distance of over five hundred miles in five days and three hours.

They reached Salt Lake City on the night of July 23, 1857, only to learn that Governor Brigham Young and more than two thousand five hundred citizens were holding a memorable celebration in honor of the tenth anniversary of the advent of the saints into this valley. They were gathered at Brighton in the very tops of these eternal hills with the stars and stripes waving from the loftiest peaks. Hither went these weary and travel-worn messengers and conveyed to Governor Young their startling message.

The spokesman and leader of these men was Abraham Owen Smoot, the Mayor of Salt Lake City, the future father of Reed Smoot.



Senator Reed Smoot and his first great grandchild.
At left, Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.



Senator Smoot and a group of friends on the golf links. Left to right: Stephen Love, the late James H. Wattis, Pres. Heber J. Grant, the late Pres. C. W. Nibley and Senator Smoot.

The senior Smoot came from the state of Kentucky and belonged to the aristocracy of the South, a man of rugged individualism and of great constructive ability. He properly belonged to that small company who will go down in history as the empire builders of America.

THE senator's mother, Anna Krestine Morrison, came from far-off Norway. As a girl she joined the Church and at the age of eighteen years left her kindred and her native land and made the journey here alone, and walked from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, pushing a hand cart.

She was a woman of deep spirituality and great force and sweetness of character. The Senator, as is often the case, received his best inheritance from that source. His parents were both strong individuals of fine mettle and heroic mold. Thus Reed Smoot is the product of two great races, both composite in character and both famous for their sturdy qualities

and for the signal service which they have given to civilization and to mankind.

His iron constitution, his tireless energy, his lofty self-confidence, his scorn for anything false or flabby, his grim determination to achieve his end, his noble self-discipline and the Puritanic practices of his life were all strongly manifest in his heroic mother.

ON the 10th of January last, the Senator was seventy years of age. Ten years of his life were spent as a boy in Salt Lake City, thirty years in Provo as a student and business man, and thirty years in the United States Senate. As a boy he attended school and did the things that were common for boys to do in that day. In the summer

time he herded cows on what was known then as "Tenth Ward Bench" — now one of the most beautiful residential sections of the city. We suppose no one thought when they saw this long-limbed, serious lad driving his cows up those unpaved streets that he would one day stand as a tribune of the common people of America in one of the greatest and most dignified legislative bodies in the world.

Incidents like this admonish one to have both respect and consideration for boys, for in this land of opportunity, who can prophesy just where a few years will take an honest, industrious boy?

Four years after going to Provo, he registered as one of the twenty-nine original students in the Brigham Young Academy (now University) which opened in April, 1876, under the direction of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. In 1879 he was graduated from that institution and at one time was the only student registered in the Academic department.

Dr. Maeser was not only a very effective disciplinarian and a superior teacher but a rare technician in character building. Reed Smoot's contact with him and his attendance at that institution were significant, for they left forever their impress upon his life. Religious as well as secular instruction was given. His heart was touched with the expanding power of a radiant and conquering faith, a faith typified by vision plus valor, and this is the foundation upon which great men operate.

From that day to this he has been one of the most ardent supporters and one of the most powerful friends his Alma Mater has ever had.

FROM his very boyhood he showed a pronounced instinct for business. During his vacations and at intervals while attending school he worked in the Provo Woolen Mills, an institution founded by his father. With his characteristic diligence and his phenomenal capacity for mastering details he soon had a practical insight into all the departments of that institution.

His first job after leaving school was indeed a humble one in the Provo Co-op where he was put to work in the cellar sorting potatoes, sacking fruit, and doing other menial jobs. Although a young man still in his teens, in less than eighteen months he became superintendent of the co-op and in four years resigned as superintendent to become manager of the woolen mills. His career as manager of these mills is interesting, if not spectacular, and gave early and convincing proof of his capacity as a business executive.

As a young business man in Provo, everything he became connected with felt the vitalizing touch of a master hand. He was interested not only in merchandising and manufacturing, but in banking, real estate, stock raising, and mining. Very soon he was recognized as one of the foremost business men in Utah.

Twenty-nine years ago,

to be exact, on March 4, 1903, Reed Smoot first donned a senator's toga. Soon thereafter he fought one of the bitterest contests that ever was waged against an innocent man, and emerged without the smell of fire on his garments.

His right to his seat in the Senate was challenged on the ground of his high position in the "Mormon" Church, his enemies assuming that the Church would subject him to its dictations. The opposition was largely political in motive and character. The New York Times, an independent Democratic paper, referring to it, said: "It is a mindless and bigoted crusade."

It was clearly shown in the proceedings that he was under no oath or obligation, religious or otherwise, which could in any way conflict with his duty as a senator or as a citizen, and that he owed no allegiance to any organization which could in any manner abridge his fealty to his country.

At the conclusion of this investigation, which was a long and bitter one and often marked by malignant and vindictive hate, some epoch making and historic

speeches were delivered in the Senate on both sides of the case. Finally he was given his seat by a substantial majority. When the facts were made clear President Roosevelt did not hesitate to use his powerful influence in the Senator's behalf.

None of the eighty-nine men who were there when he entered the Senate are there today—most of them have been gathered by the grim reaper. No man has brought to this high office a more enlightened and a more consecrated devotion to duty, and today no man stands higher in the councils of his party.

DURING his time there have been some picturesque characters in the United States Senate and in public life in America. He has known most of them intimately and has enjoyed their unqualified confidence and esteem. It is interesting to recall that Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma were still territories, that Theodore Roosevelt had been president only a year and a half when Reed Smoot became senator. He has served in the Senate during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, William

Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge, and Herbert Hoover, and in most cases he has been their confidential advisor.

Among the notables who were in the Senate when he entered should be mentioned the powerful Aldrich, of Rhode Island, then chairman of the Finance Committee, the foremost committee in the Senate, which place is now held by Senator Smoot; Allison, of Iowa; Elkins, of West Virginia; Cullom, of Illinois; the venerable Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts; Hale, of Maine; the brilliant Spooner, of Wisconsin; the sagacious Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Fairbanks, of Indiana; Depew, of New York, the most captivating after-dinner speaker in America; Mark Hanna; Foraker; the scholarly Henry Cabot Lodge; the eloquent Bev-

(Continued on page 224)

Senator and Mrs.
Reed Smoot





Photo courtesy George Washington Bicentennial Commission

Official Bicentennial picture made from life mask by Houdon, French sculptor.

Coach G. Ottinger Romney, of Brigham Young University, comes forth with his selection for All-American, All-time Captain and Quarterback, and gives his reasons for the selection.

George Washington

Athlete

By G. Ott Romney

FIRST in war! First in Peace! And first in the hearts of his countrymen! Yes—and add "First All-American track and field performer." History grants George Washington first place in the broad jump and another first in the distance throwing contest of his day, and places him among the select group of sprint champions.

Although several institutions of higher learning which now boast stadia and unnumbered alumni and storied football heroes were already well established in George Washington's day, the first president of the United States busied himself making glorious history a century and more before the era in which library costs are dwarfed by stadium expense and universities are known better by their football records than their output of scholars and highly paid athletic critics ballyhoo the sport drama in the pink and green sheets.

Therefore, George Washington didn't have the opportunity to die on the athletic field for a dear old "alma mammy" but instead took his chances on the field of battle. His records, thus, are unofficial. No A. A. U. committee checked the watches; no intercollegiate board examined the tape-measure or figured in the velocity of the wind.

But if there is anything to the cherry-tree story, there's everything to make us believe the authenticity of George's athletic feats.

He out-wrestled all the youths of Pre-Revolutionary war days and in his later days gave up wrestling men in favor of wrestling issues and enjoyed the same uniform success.

He was reputed to be a magnificent horseman but the only international polo match he ever played in was against the British and lasted for nine years.

It may be assumed from his record that he could have made any modern R. O. T. C. rifle team.

He was known as the best runner in Virginia but during the War of the Revolution he was too proud to run and his insistence on standing changed the course of world history.

He jumped well over twenty feet as a youth in boots, which indicates what he might have done in spikes in these high-pressure days.

(Continued on page 225)



Photographs by courtesy of George Washington Bicentennial Commission

"Wakefield," the birthplace of Washington, burned in 1780 and just recently restored.

Washington

By

Linda S. Fletcher

I GAZE upon majestic mountain peak,
Where storm-clouds 'glower and swift
lightnings dart,
Tearing the gray, protesting air apart,
And causing it with thund'rous voice to
speak!
Yet still from out the tempest, tranquil,
meek,
Unchanged, unswerving its confiding heart,
As gleams of glory glance its brow athwart,
And the sweet calms its embrace once more
seek,—
The mountain comes! As once thou, Wash-
ington,
(For e'er 'tis eminence that draws the fire)
Emerged from out the thund'rous blasts of
war,
To view a mighty task but just begun—
Accepted it with zeal that did not tire!
What thou hast builded may we never mar!



Mother of Washington

To

Mary Ball
Washington

By

Sarah Ahlstrom
Nelson

MOTHER of Washington, what were
your dreams

As your first-born lay on your breast,
In pioneer homestead, mid firelight gleams.
As you fed him and lulled him to rest?
Did your eyes search 'the future, as mother-
eyes will,

For the pathway his dear feet must tread?
Did your soul sense the dangers that lurked
in his 'path?

Did your mother-heart tremble with dread?

Mother of Washington, brave was your
heart,

Dauntless and wise was your soul;
You sought 'divine guidance while doing
your part,

As you steadfastly pointed the goal.
To fine noble manhood; no blemish to mar
The formative years of his youth.

Though early a widow, you staunchly
pressed on

Instilling deep justice and truth.

Mother of Washington, favored your lot,
Blest indeed to have borne such a son!
Repaid beyond price for each battle you
fought,

For each struggle, each victory won.
You shirked not life's mission,
God's law you fulfilled
And your name through the years has come
down

Linked with his in a halo of glory that
shines

Like a gem in your motherhood's crown.

Utah Leaps to Thrilling

By

Louis W. Larsen

Photos by
Courtesy of the
TRIBUNE
TELEGRAM and
ECKER STUDIO



Here is told graphically the story of a skiing tournament in which the world's best jumpers competed. Mr. Larsen also points the way to thrilling winter outdoor entertainment such as may be fostered in every town and village in the entire mountainous region of America.

IT was one of those memorable winter days, when a friendly sun shines down, flooding the infinite stretches of snow-covered valleys and hills with mellow light. The place was Ecker's Hill, now famed the world over as a mecca for winter sports. Two

clumps of pine trees, spattered with snow by the fury of a recent mountain storm, stood a little apart at the foot of the hill—curtains, as it were, of a great amphitheater, flung aside for the spectators to enjoy the magnificent show.

Far up the mountain side, a mere human fly, is Alf Engen, ready to start down the long, icy approach. The bugle sounds. He leans forward and eases himself into slow motion. As he slips down the trail, he gathers speed.

At the take-off he is traveling at the terrific rate of seventy-odd miles per hour, his lithe body making the rhythmic motions of a bird in flight. Then . . . zoom! He is flying through the air, fifty feet above the earth, describing a swift, graceful curve to the landing hill. Distance 234 feet!

THE three thousand awed spectators had hoped he would break his own world's record of 247 feet, established January 1, 1931. But the course was slow and he fell a little short of his former sensational mark. But that 1 9 3 1 record holds. Alf is still the world's champion in the professional division of skiing contests. He is credited, by the way, with an "unofficial" leap of 266 feet.

"Who is this Engen chap?" thousands of people are asking.



Alf Engen, World Champion Professional Ski Jumper, Member of Utah Ski Club.

now that his fame is beginning to spread. Alf is a Norwegian by birth, a Utahn by adoption. He has lived in the state about three years, where he has acquired a skill to match his native daring and love of winter sports. He is, in a sense, a product of the Utah Ski Club, affiliated with the National Ski Association of America, Inc. To Utah and to the Club he is ardently loyal. Flattering offers have come to him from many other states, but he chooses to remain a representative of the people who have so long encouraged and applauded him.

Engen's pace-setting jump in 1931 was reproduced on the screen before audiences totaling upwards of 50,000,000 people. Besides that, 200 theaters of Europe exploited the daring feat. It has



Steffen Trogstad, Ogden, hurtling through the air at 70 miles an hour.

Leadership in *Winter Sport*



Engen aloft in his thrilling 234-foot leap.

been said that the Norwegians know Alf better than his own townsmen know him. At any rate, he has been the medium for one of the best pieces of favorable publicity that Salt Lake City and Utah have yet enjoyed.

BUT Alf Engen was not the whole show at the great 1932 tournament at Ecker's Hill, January first and third. Nor would he wish to be—modesty is one of his outstanding virtues. His younger brother, Sverre, also numbered among the pros, placed third, his best mark being 197 feet. Sig Ulland, of Mt. Shasta Snowmen's Club, won second place, ticking his mark in the snow at 214. Then there was the sensational "Dynamite" Halvor Hvalstad, who hurls himself through the air with the reckless abandon of a broncho

buster, lighting, by some miracle, always right side up. And the veteran, Lars Haugen, forty-seven-year-old youngster who declares he will still be taking off with the pros when he has reached the age of sixty. Einar Fredbo made up in graceful form what he lacked

later be seen riding the longer and dizzier course. They are mere "fledglings" now, trying out their wings on the shorter flights; one of these years, you will see them soaring high, with the grace and confidence of an eagle. The following contestants were seen in



Ecker's Hill, as seen from the take-off platform 350 feet above the spectators shown at the end of the run.

in distance. (Grace is the standard of excellence, by the way, in the land of Norway.) Steffen Trogstad was another fine jumper, notable for his rhythm and grace. Last and not least—"least" in size—was the diminutive Ted Rex, as smiling in defeat as in victory. This lad hails from the State of Michigan.

The performers mentioned above were the big show. These were contestants of recognized professional standing. Then there was the spectacular "curtain raiser," an amateur meet participated in by eight young men who will



Halvar Hvalstad, leaning forward in a sensational jump.

the amateur division meet: Calmar Andreasen, Nord Nordquist, Jim Rasmussen, Frank Rasmussen, Lawrence Rasmussen, Mike O'Neill, L. Leigh, Harold Kimball.

Calmar Andreasen nosed out a victory, setting the 1932 mark for the State of Utah at 120 feet. Nord Nordquist, runner-up in four former meets and first winner on New Year's day in 1932, scored second place on January 3. Nord, by the way, is an enthusiast over this thrilling winter sport and one of the staunchest supporters of the Utah Ski Club. Not only is he active in sponsoring the annual meets; you could see him at Ecker's Hill on many a summer's day, toiling with pick and shovel, helping to perfect the course.

ECKER'S HILL is said to be the largest and finest skiing place in all the world. In the language of sportdom, "it's a natural." Topographically, it is about ideal. Nature herself laid down the lines—provided just the right declivity for the approach, a more precipitous slope for the landing, and finally, a "leveling out" space that brings the jumper to an easy stop. It remained only for man to smooth off the ground and construct the take-off platform. But that has been a job requiring sweat and toil.

Ecker's Hill is located just over the divide, twenty miles up Parley's Canyon, in the direction of Park City. The weather conditions maintaining

there are also ideal. The elevation can be counted on to keep the air crisp and the snow in sound condition. Besides affording all these practical advantages, the Hill is one of the beauty spots of the Wasatch Range. The winter scene is both alluring and varied, including in its sweep every characteristic detail

marvel at the feats of the daring jumpers. Ecker's Hill will yet be known as one of the outstanding winter playgrounds of America.

And therein is revealed the true motive of the men who are fostering the sport and developing the place. It is their hope to make it a recreation center that thousands can enjoy, as well as a contesting ground that will attract entrants from all parts of the world. In view of Utah's incomparable winter resources, many believe that the movement comes as a belated development. But it is cheering to know that sportsmen of vision and courage have now tackled the job and mean to carry it through. The mountains of Utah are as high and steep,

and the snow as abundant as anywhere on the globe. Why should we not take recreation from our beautiful hills, as well as gold and water for irrigation? Perhaps we have been long neglecting a thing of remarkable value!

THE next meet will be held at Ecker's Hill February 21 and 22 of this year. Besides ten clubs from Colorado, it is expected

that skii men of national fame, enroute to the Olympics, will match leaps with the local champions. The first day of the tournament will be "pro" day and on Monday, the amateurs will be in the spotlight. Both groups, how-

ever, will participate in the events of both days. There will be special rates for students.



Ecker's Hill, as seen from foot of the landing slope.

of our glorious mountain region.

Merely a beginning has been made. The Utah Ski Club is planning big developments at the Hill. A run-way is to be built for starters, and toboggan slides are to be constructed. It won't be long now when the spectators will be able to participate in the fun as well as



The eight pro contestants, going down the landing hill, opening the tournament.

Saving or Demonstrating Your Religion WHICH?

A NEWS report of a sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick quotes him as saying:

"Multitudes of people are trying these days to save religion. Sometimes they are trying to save their own religion; they feel it slipping; they have not much left of the original capital with which their childhood homes endowed them; they are somewhat desperately clinging to as much religion as they have left and hope that they can save it. * * *

"If we are trying to save our religion," he goes on to say, "we are on the wrong track; the right track is the discovery of a religion that will save us."

If we are in real earnest in our concern about religion—and I take it that we are—just how is this concern being expressed? For example, to what extent are we appreciative of the good things in the religions of other people as well as in our own? Are we among those who are trying frantically to save their religion? Are most of our efforts concerned with such things as ridiculing the sacred convictions of others or with going to absurd lengths in conjuring up so-called evidences and specious arguments for the purpose of trying to bolster up what we profess to regard as God's truth? Would Job's severe rebuke about telling lies to defend God ever apply to any of us? Perhaps you remember how he says:

"You whitewash everything with lies, you patch up futile arguments, all of you.

* * *
Listen now to the charge I bring. * * *
Will you bring unfair arguments for God?
Will you tell lies on his behalf?"
(Moffatt's translation. See Job. 13:1-12)

How much more of faith we would show by keeping our poise and quietly demonstrating the divinity of our religion by the way it enriches our lives and personalities!

A REAL CHALLENGE for every earnest religionist is contained in Lessing's drama,

By
M. Wilford
Poulson

"*Nathan der Weise*". This great German writer lived at a time when people engaged in long and heated arguments about the alleged divine origin of their particular religions and still worse, in the severe persecution of the adherents of other religious faiths. In his drama, Lessing has characters representing the three great conflicting religions of his day, viz., the Mohammedans, the Jews, and the Christians. He brings out very forcefully the good points held in common by these seemingly very different religions. In one speech a Christian says to the Jew, "Nathan, Nathan you are a Christian. * * * A better Christian never

was!" The significant reply was: "Those qualities which make me seem a good Christian to you, would make you seem to me to be a good Jew."

In answer to the Mohammedan's question, "Which is the true religion?" the Jew tells the story of the three rings which indirectly gives an answer. You may judge whether or not it is a good one. This story may be rather freely translated and somewhat abridged as follows:—

A LONG time ago a man of the East came into possession of a most precious ring from the hand of one who loved him. This wonderful ring had the mysterious power of making its possessor beloved by both God and man provided he had faith in its power. The ring remained in the family, being inherited from father to son. Whenever a father had more than one son the ring was then given to the one who was most beloved.

At length there came a time when the ring was owned by a man who had three sons, all of whom he loved equally. What should he do? He arranged with a skilled jeweler to make two other rings exactly like the old ring which was to serve as a pattern. When the rings were secretly brought to the father they matched so well that even he could not distinguish which one was the really precious ring.

When the father knew that he could not live very long he had each of his sons brought to him separately and to each one he gave a last blessing and one of the rings. Shortly afterwards he died.

Soon the three sons came forward each with his ring and each claiming to be the lord of the house. They examined, they quarreled, they complained. Each one

(Continued on page 228)



By Dr. Hopkins.
At Brighton

The BACK-TRACKER

Paddy was just a dog; but he was all dog—not a blue-blooded dog that eats dog-biscuits and sleeps in plush—but a strong, virile, courageous sheep dog who loved his master and his master's sheep and who was willing to suffer and die for the flock. When the reader gets through with this story, he'll know that Frank C. Robertson knows his West—including the coyotes—human and animal.

THINGS were going to happen. Paddy knew it. It had been a long, lazy summer up there in the Caribous with but little to do except follow around at the heels of the beloved master and occasionally bully the sheep herd. But now there was a tang of winter in the air. There were no signs that a human could see, perhaps, save that the aspen leaves had long since changed from green to gold, and the maples to crimson, and now their leaves were being shifted hither and yon by little uncertain gusts of wind which grew harder at night and carried a bite which made even Paddy shiver in his canvas shelter under the wagon.

There were other signs, however, which warned the big sheep dog; vague but unmistakable currents in the air which caused him to twitch his sensitive nostrils uneasily. And for two nights the camp had been serenaded by coyotes, the wisest of all wild animals, who sent their dismal undulating howls drifting mournfully across the hills. Paddy knew coyotes. He knew that the herd was safe, for the short, sharp yips of the prospective kill were missing. The season of rigorous hardship was at hand. For no particular reason Paddy lifted up his voice and mourned with them.

And now it seemed that his humans were at last aware of the impending danger. For ten days they had been camped in a snug



By
Frank C.
Robertson

Illustrated by
Paul S. Clowes



The camp-jack dismounted and called Paddy up to him without difficulty. While he clung to the ruff on the dog's neck Boggs picked up a stick and advanced threateningly.

"Better not whup him if yuh want him tuh stay with yuh," Joe warned.

"He'll foller me or he'll never foller another herder," Boggs rumbled.

little cove, letting the herd browse out each day upon a different ridge to eat the crisp, cured grass which other outfits had long since abandoned. The coming of the stranger the night before had warned Paddy that a move was in prospect.

Now it lacked an hour of daylight, but a fire had been built and Paddy, in his nest under the wagon, could hear Harvey's foot-steps as he walked back and forth preparing breakfast. The voices of all three men came to him with a low murmur. Paddy cocked one ear eagerly. There was something different about Harvey's voice this morning. He wished that he knew what it was.

Soon they were eating, and presently he heard the slide door open and Harvey step out on the double-tree. Like a shot out of a gun the big dog hurled himself upon his master.

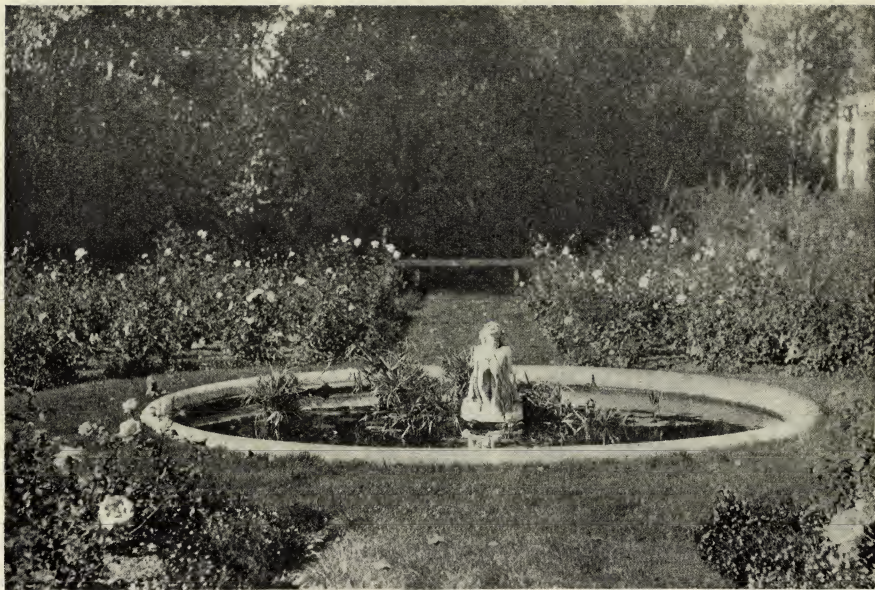
"Hey! Git down. You want me to slop all this gravy in yore eye?" Harvey Hansen protested. He caught the big dog with his knee, tipped him over, and held him there while he set down the plate of victuals for the dog's breakfast. Paddy wriggled joyously. Then he fell upon the food with a ravenous appetite.

He was a big dog, of many colors. His ancestry was most uncertain. His funny, be-whiskered face was much like a terrier's. He owned a short, stubby tail which could never be still, and his predominating colors were brown and black. There was shepherd in him, and perhaps still other strains, but he had been born under a sheep wagon, and carried around in an old nose-bag by Harvey Hansen until he was big enough to follow the herd. His education had been rough but practical. Many a sheepman, after watching the big dog work had drawn out his check-book with the terse inquiry, "How much will you take?"

And the invariable answer had been, "That dog ain't for sale, mister."

"Paddy, old son, I've got some bad news for you," Harvey said as he seized the dog by the neck and shook him. From the dog's

(Continued on page 245)



*Photos Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune
Garden of Mrs. E. F.
Dreyfous, Cottonwood*

How We Built Our Rock Garden

By
Lizzie H. Welker

JUST what is a rock garden?

We had seen some very lovely gardens built around and over and in between rocks, the rocks, however, just a background, a contrast for beautiful flowers.

We had a different conception of what a rock garden might be. We decided to work out an original one.

We like rocks for their own beauty and interest, and we set out to make a collection of various kinds of rocks. It was not a sudden fancy, for we had collected rocks for years; but we needed still others. We found sandstones, layer upon layer of myriad colored deposits, some showing depressions and even holes caused by water erosion, offering wonderful opportunities for tiny flower beds; black ob-

sidian, like marble, with shiny surface; limestones, one with a real brachiopod fossil embedded in it, to supply lime for the alkaline-feeding plants; quartzites of many hues, to supply acid for acid-eating plants; oil-shale containing some wonderful specimens of flora fossil which supplied flat surfaces for a natural walk; some pinnacle points to add to the contour of the garden itself; lava rock, black and porous, one most unique and interesting, brought by a friend from "The Craters of the Moon"; and deposits of calcium in queer shapes.

From Soda Springs and from Swan Lake, we had a collection

of petrified tree-stumps, branches and twigs, which afforded tiny beds, when soil was added, for alpine plants. One was shaped like a large morning glory with a hole in the center. A "hen and chicks" planted in it soon became like a large green rose.

WE grouped our rocks at the foot of an old apple tree, building them up about three feet at the northwest corner and sloping down to the southeast, enclosing about fifty square feet. We put in a layer of cobble rocks and sand, and began our hunt for alpine plants, adding soil as needed for some plants.

First we found some rocks with lichen, the first soil makers, growing on them. One very choice rock had a black lichen, a yellow

one, and a pure white one on it. When kept damp, the black lichen became a beautiful green. On one occasion, we found a large rock with the lichen growing down through a crevice. Taking hold of it, the smaller piece of rock came off, showing how the lichen growth had split the rock in two. In creek beds we found other rocks with moss growing on them.

WE visited the canyons, especially the cliffs, studying flora among the rocks. We secured roots of alum-root, three specimens of native fern, four specimens of lichen, two specimens of seedum, dogtooth violet, blue violet, two kinds of cacti or prickly-pear (we believe we found an entirely new variety) snapdragons, lupines, blue-eyed - grass, columbines, monkey - flower, mountain lilies, Indian paint brush, mountain daisy, two kinds of tiny white star, pink knot-weed, sunflower, black-eyed susan, yellow aster or coreopsis, liverwort, two kinds of cinquefoil, mountain lover, wild geraniums, wild strawberry, four varieties of mosses and a number of others we could not identify—more than forty varieties of wild flowers, so that it was not only a "rock garden" but a "wild flower garden" as well. Everything we put in it grew. We tried to give each plant the environment it had naturally—the mosses on the north side of the rocks, the cacti on the south. We watered it with a spray, in fact, kept it damp, yet moss and cacti grew profusely. Our mountain lily blossomed at three different periods during the summer.

WE planted a few scarlet runner beans for quick growth to run over the higher rocks, to give a touch of color and to pro-

soil in, so that they looked as if they were growing on the face of the rock.

Our rock, wild flower garden was a real joy. I think, however, the greatest thrill came when a group of young boys came to see it, bringing us several odd rocks they had found, and I heard one little fellow explaining to the others that "little rocks didn't grow into big rocks, but big rocks grew into little ones", and how!

Next year we plan to enlarge our garden, having a lily pond and bringing in native moss and sedges.

Mint Farmers

HOW comes the great amount of "tummy-ache" medicine needed for the many millions of people in our United States?

Most of these remedies, also chewing gum and confections besides, contain mint, and ninety-nine and one-half percent of this indispensable plant is grown in Japan; however, the one-half of one percent, but a promising nucleus to a larger production in the near future, is now raised in the Sacramento Valley in central California, the only place in the United States where this Japanese mint is grown commercially.

Three hundred acres are already in bearing, and more will be planted this year. These mint farms, which should be enlarged to five - thousand acres in order to do away with importation, bring the grower an average of around

one-hundred dollars per acre a year, and the farmer receives his money promptly when the mint is delivered at the still.—*Mary C. Shaw.*

MANY people are making a hobby of building and planting rock and wild flower gardens. Among the successful ones are President and Mrs. Roy Welker, of Paris, Idaho. Mrs. Welker, in the accompanying article, has told just how she constructed her garden and what she planted in it.

We know there are others who have built interesting gardens and many who are planning to build such gardens when spring comes. In order to encourage the work and to assist those who want to enter into the pastime and don't know how, we are offering three prizes for the best three statements of how to build a garden and what to plant. We want plain statements that will be perfectly clear to readers. Here are the rules:

How I Made My Rock Garden

1. Write on one side of paper and send photograph if you have one, but the photograph will not count.
2. Tell how you gathered the rocks and what you planted in the garden.
3. Use no more than 300 words.
4. Keep a copy as no article will be returned.
5. Have your article in the hands of the Editors of the Improvement Era not later than March 1st.
6. First prize, \$3; second, \$2; third, \$1.
7. Address your letters to Rock Garden Contest Editor, The Improvement Era, 47 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

vide some shade for the moss. We also added ivy and myrtle between the rocks. In the tiny beds we put portulaca and at the front

tain mint, and ninety-nine and one-half percent of this indispensable plant is grown in Japan; however, the one-half of one per-



Garden belonging to Mrs. Warren Boles

of the north wall placed several scarlet sage roots. In the holes of the rocks we inserted the roots of "hen and chicks" and pressed

Our Curious Friend of Ground-Hog Day



By

Felix J. Koch

A few animals achieve immortality among men by working themselves into their folk lore. Mr. Koch, in this article, gives a close-up portrait of Mister Ground Hog, one of the best known of "the immortals".

Ground-hogs are being driven out, with the spread of the centers, and it is getting rarer and rarer that one is encountered close to a town.

What is more, as a rule the ground-hogs are poor pets. So the country children do not capture them for such a purpose, and have them to show city callers when they come.

AN interesting exception to this last is a ground-hog at Constance, Ky., a little town on the Ohio near Cincinnati. He has been the pet of some children there for quite a while. His fame has spread—one of the very few tamed ground-hogs known—and travelers through Constance stop to inquire where he's kept, and to have a peep at him.

This ground-hog affords all an excellent opportunity of learning

what the hero of Ground-hog Day is like.

Known as the *ground-hog* here, the same sort of animal is styled a *wood-chuck* elsewhere — a *thick-wood badger* elsewhere still; and a *marmot* in still other parts of the world.

His scientific name is *arctomys* —the "bear-rat"—"a rat with a body resembling a bear's." This is an excellent description in a nutshell.

A ground-hog's body, one marks first of all upon seeing him, is thick and clumsy. His legs are short and thick. The head is flat. The ears are short and blunt. The tail is short, and it appears to be incapable of motion.

NATURALISTS find much to remark in the arrangement of the teeth. The ground-hog has no canine teeth at all. What are known as the incisors of the lower jaw are exceptionally sharp. In some ways they resemble those of squirrels very closely. There are five grinder teeth on either side in the upper jaw, four in the under. The summits of these have very sharp bits—"tubercles" they are called. As a result of this ar-

(Continued on page 226)

EVERYONE knows the curious superstition about the ground-hog.

"If he ventures from his burrow on Ground-Hog Day and sees his shadow there are weeks on weeks of one kind of weather ahead." If the ground-hog does not see his shadow, there is every chance of weather of another sort.

All of us have heard the adage.

Probably we have marked the sky particularly on Ground-Hog Day, to settle for ourselves how exact it may be. If it did happen, later, that things worked out as promised, we wondered just a little. "Curious how true some of these old adages can be!"—If it did not—"Well, we should have known—" Superstition, and nothing more!

But this ground-hog—

Unless we happen to live well back in the country, and so are about when he ventures out, or unless we are in a city containing a zoo with such an animal, we are hardly apt to be extra-familiar with him.



Social Conventions

By

Adah R. Naylor

THE progress of the world would be slow indeed if each generation were forced to gain knowledge solely from its own actions, emotions and observations. Man is said to have two teachers—books and experience. That is to say, man is guided—or should be—by his own experience, and the experience of others who have preceded him. It is essential that we study the experience of past generations in order that we may be able better to guide our own course of life. The protection of youth is one of the main purposes of education. Our schools undertake to pass on to the rising generation the knowledge and information that past generations have found valuable.

This knowledge and information which is acquired by the race is conserved for us in different forms and ways. Sometimes it is made into codes and laws and sometimes it is passed on to us in the form of signs and warnings. Some of the warnings are for the protection of our human life, while others seek to throw about us a moral protection and to guide us along the road of happiness.

An example of the former is the lighthouses which have for centuries helped to protect human life. High on cliffs above a rugged coast they stand, and flash out the warning that under the waves are rocky reefs which have in the past brought destruction to passing ships. And so in our moral world, the social conventions, which are based on the knowledge that the race has acquired from social contact, are the lighthouses which stand guard over certain circumstances and conditions, and flash out the warning that in the past, individuals who have traveled that way, have often suffered disaster.

However, social conventions should be divided into two groups—a major group which is made up of the "shalt nots" and a minor or lesser group which are the "little things" which shield us from the "disagreeables"; make us comfortable and help us to put others at their ease.

Most of the conventions of the major group safeguard circumstances



and conditions particularly dangerous to youth. But youth, ever desirous of freedom—impatient of restraint—ignorant of the strength of the emotions, often refuses to obey these "shalt nots" and buys its own experience, sometimes paying a heavy price. Age, too, is not without fault. Forgetting the feelings of youth, it is often intolerant, and frequently fails to present the "shalt nots" in a kindly, understandable way. If the world remained unchanged the absorption or adoption of the social conventions could more easily be accomplished. But as civilization advances there come changes in our social customs, and though human nature remains pretty much the same our behavior shapes itself according to the mode, and each generation does many things the former generation did not do.

In days that are past women both old and young were sadly in need of protection. If they left the shelter of their home they were usually accompanied by an armed escort—but the condition which made this protection necessary passed away and women were later considered sufficiently protected when accompanied by another woman who was known as a *chaperon*. Today our "equal rights" and "co-education" have lessened the necessity for protection, and the duties of a chaperon are no longer arduous, but she does, nevertheless, fill a present social need.

Many girls enter the business world as soon as they are out of school, and by the time they are old enough to vote they are usually able to take care of themselves. But no matter how well fitted they are to resent any liberty that might be taken, there are conditions under which they need a chaperon. A well-bred girl will not attend a party at a bachelor's quarters unless she is properly chaperoned, nor will she go on a party or a journey with a man which might necessitate remaining away over night unless a suitable chaperon goes along. A girl does not entertain a man at luncheon or dinner in her home, when her father and mother are away, or in her apartment if she is "out on her own" unless there is a responsible person present.

A good reputation is a girl's best asset and therefore she guards it carefully—remembering that "he who avoids evil also avoids the appearance of evil."

A married woman is usually considered her own chaperon, but there are "shalt nots" that she too obeys. She does not dine alone in a public restaurant with a man other than her husband, nor does she attend a man's party unless accompanied by her husband or another woman. She must not only safeguard her own reputation, but she should be careful to throw protection, whenever possible, around young girls whom she contacts.

There are many places that young girls do not go, even if accompanied by a chaperon—a cabaret, a public dance hall, or any place that savors of "night-life". There are so many things for the young people of today, that there is no occasion for them to seek pleasure in undesirable places. They can indulge to their hearts content in all normal sports—and the churches and community centers sponsor many delightful affairs. They may also go dancing at a Country Club or a high class hotel since there is always the assurance that there will be patronesses present.

(Continued on page 226)

Beauty in the Home

By

LUTIE H. FRYER

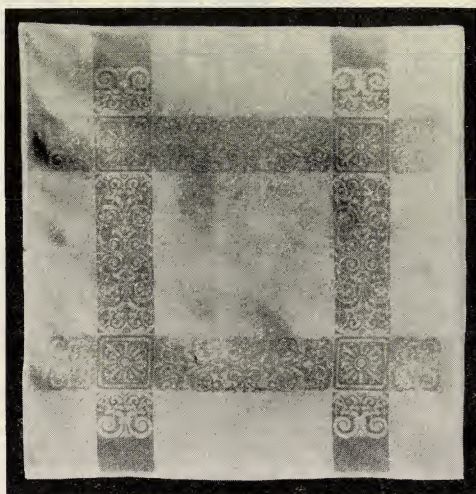
*Professor of Home Economics
University of Utah*

HARMONY

IN the creating of a beautiful interior, we must remember that having made our choice of prevailing form or style, the details which we then assemble must be in harmony with each other: with the climate where we live, with our manner of living and with ourselves. Every article purchased for the home should follow the laws of suitability to situation, to purpose, and to good taste. A room, in order to lay claim to beauty must reflect interesting proportions, balance, rhythm, and emphasis as shown in previous articles. In addition to these principles of good design there must be unity, that something which seems to bring all the parts together into one consistent whole. This unity is generally referred to as harmony. Without unity a room is mongrel.

The Meaning of Harmony

HARMONY is the art principle which produces unity through the selection and arrangement of objects and ideas. When all the objects in a room appear to be "friendly" then one has secured harmony. One enjoys a certain amount of variation for the sake of interest; but for the sake of harmony this variation must stop short of absolute contradiction in any art problem. There should be something in common among the large objects of a room, such as draperies and carpets, or draperies and uphol-



The design in this beautiful table danask rhymes with the shape of the cloth. It contains all of the fundamental principles of good design: interesting proportions, balance, rhythm, emphasis and harmony.

stering on furniture; but the little things which are to be used for accent and variety, such as pottery, lamps and cushions may contrast.

There are five types of unity which are known as harmony of shape, size, texture, idea, and color.

I. Shape Harmony

SHAPES which correspond to one another are in perfect harmony. The most harmonious shape which can be put into a square is another

square of the same proportions, and a rectangle makes the closest harmony within another rectangle, while a circle is naturally the most friendly shape within another circle.

Shape harmony is often ignored in the decorating of a room as can be seen in the arrangement of furniture. The large pieces should be placed parallel with the structural lines of the room. To give variety, some of the small objects may be placed at slightly varied angles. Chairs and other small movable objects may be placed in such a manner, unless they are very large, very straight in line, or have a formal appearance, in such a case they should be placed parallel with the lines of the room.

In the treatment of windows, shape harmony should be kept in mind. The average window is a rectangle. The glass curtains should completely cover the window and the outer curtains or drapes should hang in straight lines at the sides of the window. This effect is both dignified and restful. If for any reason it is found necessary to tie the glass curtains back, they should be separated at the top and held in slightly lower down by means of loose tie backs. Avoid making half circles and diamond shapes in the window through curtain arrangement.

A round table should have a circular center piece and not a square or rectangular. Likewise a rectangular table requires a scarf of similar

shape and proportions. Shape harmony should be expressed in the setting of the table whether for a simple meal or for a formal dinner. The lines, created by the placing of the napkins, knives and forks one inch from the edge, rhyme with the shape of the table.

Picture wires that hang from a single hook in the shape of a Λ are out of harmony with the vertical lines of the room. The best way to hang pictures, if they are too large to be hung with an invisible wire, is to run a wire through two picture hooks screwed into the back of the frame on either side near the top of the picture and then have each separate end of the wire hang vertically from a hook in the molding. The picture naturally adjusts itself to the wire. The wires are parallel with the perpendicular lines of the room.

II. Size Harmony

THE person who has an innate sense of scale or the one who has developed an appreciation for size harmony, instinctively recoils from gigantic ornament on a miniature object, or the reverse. It is not necessary to measure the human body to discover that its classical proportion is about seven heads high, but a person who is between three and four heads high is considered runty. On the other hand, a figure that carries the height to an exaggerated extreme is equally unpleasant.

You find unpleasant a room that is out of harmony, because an object that is out of scale is neither more nor less than a deformity. A small room often contains furniture that is far too large, and the room seems choked, or it gives the effect of strangulation; while smaller furniture would have produced the effect of ease, and breathing space. On the other hand a very large, high ceilinged room should not appear as though filled with doll's furniture.

Apart from size harmony of furniture to its surroundings, an object of furniture may be a deformity because its top is too heavy or because it is weak-legged or otherwise out of scale.

A large, heavy lamp when placed

on a small table, or heavy stiff draperies hung at small windows, give one the impression that if a little consideration had been given to a better relation of sizes, the result would have been far more pleasing.

III. Texture Harmony

EVERY home maker should be interested in cultivating a sense of harmony in texture, for often a room just misses being a beautiful success because there is not a symphony of textures. A question to ask one's self is — "Does the texture of the material express the feeling of the room? Am I using silk where cotton or linen would be more suitable?" Or, vice versa.

The coarse texture of oak suggests sturdiness and durability. For that reason the

coarser materials such as crash, burlap and similar coarse materials may be used with oak; or one may prefer to use those of a middle group such as tapestries, rep, velour, embroidered linens, and cretonnes, with patterns rather large and bold. On the other hand, mahogany, walnut and enameled furniture, because of their fine satin-like grain and their smooth surface call for velvets, taffetas, brocades, chintz with delicate design, satins and chinese embroideries.

A fire-place faced with rock or finished in rough plaster is related to iron, brass and coarse pottery such as Indian or Mexican, but such a fire-place has nothing in common with velvet hangings and Persian rugs.

IV. Idea Harmony

HARMONY of idea means sincerity of design to the purpose for which it is intended. Meaning that a dwelling, whether it be a palace or a cottage, should look homelike. A modern example of a complete lack of sincerity or harmony of idea is a Spanish patio in a cold northern climate, where it serves principally as a container for half-frozen rain and snow.

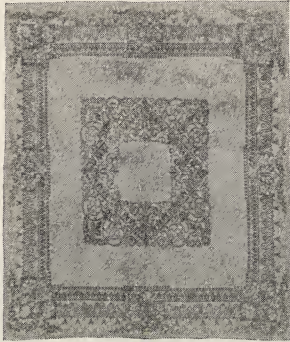
The purpose of any jail door is to bar entrance or exit. The purpose of a house door is to invite — though its invitation is naturally far more reserved than that of a sign over the entrance to a shop.

There are certain furnishings which belong to a mansion and are out of place in a small cottage. The furniture of the Italian and French Renaissance seem out of place in the bungalow with Nava jo rugs.

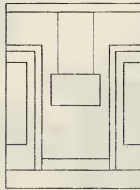
The type of room that suggests a boy's room and one that he feels at home in, should not be easily spoilable. Chairs that look easily breakable, coverings that appear

perishable in color and texture are more or less unfitted to convey the feeling of idea harmony in a boy's room.

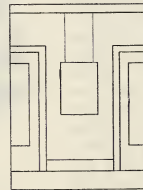
A bisymmetrical conventionalized floral design on a wall and natural (Continued on page 228)



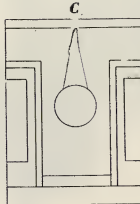
The conventionalized design in this table damask is a good example of shape harmony. It emphasizes the shape of the cloth.



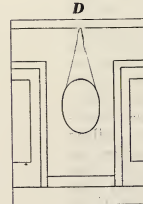
A



B



C



D

A—Likeness in both shape and proportion.

B—Alike in shape but made poor by unlikeness in proportion.

C—Alike in proportion but not in shape.

D—Unlike in both shape and proportion.

A Daughter of

Chapter Seven

GLORIA had a better house now in a better neighborhood. Nancy was out of High School and had a job in an office. She ran a machine—how her fingers flew over the keys! And the keys didn't run in order like the alphabet—they were all mixed up. The *e* by the *r*, the *a* next to the *s*. It was all strange to Gloria, but this was an age of marvels. Peter was at last free to follow his own ambition. He no longer acted as clerk of the court. He went East to study medicine. Only his hands, his health and his head to make his way, but he rejoiced in that privilege. The twins were finishing High School, still looking alike, still confusing their friends, their teachers, their beaux. There was no longer need for Gloria to take in washing, nor to pick berries at fifteen cents per crate. The baking sales had increased until it took all her time. Some women were willing to pay fancy prices for home-made pastries.

Gloria's vision had come true. Those autos, like Francis had boasted, became more plentiful. Better styles, larger, faster. They had tops now and a round wheel to steer with. And the corner lot had been leased. Men had come offering her a nominal purchase price, telling her how she was eating up twice its value in taxes. But Peter, remembering the peddlers, took a keen delight in feeling for their purpose in buying such a narrow strip of land, with frontage on two streets.

"We will pay you five hundred dollars," the agent's tones implied it was a mar-



Even in the dim light of the bedroom Gloria knew it was not time-hardened gourd seed. Although it was rough and unpolished, she knew she held a diamond in her hand.

Martha

By

Ivy Williams Stone



velous sum. "Cash, and we will take care of the taxes for this year."

"I think," replied Peter, with a far away expression which made Gloria realize how like his father he looked, "I think we will build a station there, a place where you sell gasoline for autos." The bidding became higher, running up until Gloria feared they would lose because they desired too much. But in the end she held a signed contract, her land leased for ten years, at a hundred dollars a month. This freed Peter from responsibility. He was penniless, but fired with ambition.

TRUE to his word, Bruce had sent each of the children a money order for one dollar. Peter had flared in anger, but Gloria had simply replied,

"Bruce will not prosper from such ill-gotten gain. The Lord reserves vengeance to Himself."

"Well, I'm going East to study preventive medicine. Aunt Catherine always used to be telling about the princess who kissed a diphtheria-stricken child. Twelve years later a German doctor perfected anti-toxin. In the Spanish-American war more soldiers died from yellow fever than were killed in battle. Look what happened to the English soldiers in South Africa. People don't have smallpox any more, nor diphtheria, like they used to. They don't know yet what causes yellow fever, nor how typhoid fever spreads so. I'm going to find out. Nancy can help you now, in her turn, and you don't need ever to work again."

GLORIA smiled bravely at his going. Peter of course felt that her working days were over. He thought a hundred dollars a month could do marvels. But a secret ambition had crept into Gloria's mind. Judge Conrad, white-haired now, but still active in his work, had come back from a court session in the valley.

"Do you know, Mrs. Whitman, that the homestead of your husband, and all his other land holdings are shortly going to tax sale?"

"Why they belong to Bruce Knight," Gloria reminded him. "You should remember, you probated the will."

"Yes, but Bruce has not paid his taxes. He lives on, apparently oblivious to the fact that taxes are levied and remain a lien on real property until paid. His neighbors tell me that he and *One Eye*, I suppose that must be some cherished pet, lead a mere existence. He seems to lack initiative. He was in imminent danger of losing his water right from disuse, but some neighbors took pity on him and helped him clean out his ditches, and together they got the water down, just before the disuse limit had elapsed. But he has disregarded his tax notices, and the place will go to tax deed."

"One Eye," Gloria half choked over the explanation, "is his daughter. She lost an eye when a mere baby. Her father has kept her there on the farm constantly."

"Well, you seem to have a gift for divining wise purchases," laughed Judge Conrad, "who ever would think of a widow woman having the first service station in town? By the way, Francis is coming home from South America for a short visit—then he will be off again. He is on the trail of

some unusual bugs that are a menace to the cotton industry. It has a name six inches long. I can't understand why he can't settle down and live a normal life like other people. He could be a respected lawyer, and a comfort to two old people in their declining years. But no, some forty-legged bug thousands of miles away holds his every thought."

Gloria smiled patiently. Her father had followed diamonds—Jonas had coveted land—Rodney had cut his own destiny, Peter was studying long hours in a little, stuffy laboratory, and Francis was following the elusive trail of an insect. "Cedars must have the wind," she smiled. "At least I can keep my daughters with me."

BECAUSE of the crowded conditions in the little house, and the steam and the heat, she had kept the gourds shut up in the old canvas suit case. Now in the new home, they could have a place of honor. There was no what-not and no piano, but a little at a time the girls and she were getting the living room furnished. Parlors were out of style. It wasn't good taste to keep a room shut up, opening it only for company. Nancy had purchased a victrola, one of those improved music boxes. You couldn't tell it from the real human voice. Even after death, the voice of musical stars lived on. There was a book case—Peter's last gift. It was in parts. You could buy more to fit when you need them. That was a beautiful setting for the beloved gourds. So Gloria unpacked and dusted them, her fingers lingering over the carvings, her memory flitting back to the incidents which were depicted.

"I declare, Mother," Florence pouted and looked at the array of gourds with marked displeasure. "I don't see what you see in these old gourds. They're not so dreadful uncommon. They're so terribly old, too. That grinning monkey never takes his eyes off of me. Last night the boys laughed at what they called our curio shop. Our friends aren't interested in them just because they came from Africa."

BUT Gloria scarcely heard her. Her mind was racing wildly under a sudden, strange impulse. Bruce could not pay his

taxes. Ever since she had known him he had managed to evade decisive issues. Perhaps he still felt that some unseen power would save his property. Perhaps he had not bothered to read the tax notices when they came. Perhaps he did not fully understand, for Jonas had always attended to every detail of his business, and no one had ever given Bruce any responsibility, probably. But whatever the cause, her great opportunity had arrived. That was the way she had acquired the gas station lot—by paying delinquent taxes.

Revenge was suddenly born in her brain. The rent from the station would meet the payments on her own home and care for the needs of the girls. Through personal effort Peter had achieved far more than had come to Bruce through dependency. Nancy would have to keep working. She would have to help with the home expenses. They knew the value of education. Bread without butter, one dress a week, no spending money, all these things had served as a goading impetus to urge her children on to greater achievement.

She, Gloria, could still keep on working. She would not stop, as Peter thought she should. She would continue to bake—those idle society women were good customers—she didn't really need any new clothes. She would borrow money on the corner lot to pay those back taxes, and would pay it back gradually. Then she would be the actual owner of the old home. She would turn Bruce out. What a revenge for the accumulated years of inappreciation, of neglect, of indolence, of his refusal to carry out the last wish of the man who had given him a home and a livelihood for so many years.

SHE laughed aloud at the prospect. Nancy was off with Francis Conrad, helping him to enjoy his brief vacation. The twins were decorating their class room for a party. A little at a time, Gloria had been saving money for dental work. The dandelion greens and the pig weeds, the water cress and whole wheat, the foods which necessity had thrust upon her, had saved their teeth remarkably. Still, they needed care now. Bridge work, the dentist called it. That could wait. Everything could wait. Everything but the taxes.

Revenge! The things which Bruce had done, or failed to do, flooded her memory, danced before her vision, increasing, growing in enormity as they moved in array. The wood she had been forced to cut became a forest. The water she had carried became a lake. The cold rooms, the chillblains, the death of Anna, the treatment he accorded to little Claire, his refusal to share Jonas' property with Jonas' children, all crowded together into one great sin.

Nancy had told her mother the story of the Frankenstein. Well, Bruce had built one too! This ranch would revert to his own destruction. What would he do when notice of evacuation was served upon him? Where would he go? She remembered perfectly how in Bruce's absence Lulu had signed papers at Jonas' bidding, which transferred all her property to the Whitman holdings. Nothing had ever been done to have them transferred back to Bruce, except through the will. It would all revert to Gloria now. Hers for taxes—hers to will to Peter and Nancy and Florence and Flora. Again she laughed harshly and reached into the little dresser drawer for the account book which Peter had taught her to keep. A vindictive, revengeful smile spread over her face as she visioned Bruce walking down the dusty—or it might be frozen—road, empty-handed, bound for *where?* As she replaced the bank book she caught her own reflection in the mirror. Already the lust for revenge had altered her features. Through her years of toil and struggles she had remembered how to smile—she had looked unchangeably young, erect and straight. Now a hard, steely expression was creeping into her eyes, crowding out the smiles. But she checked her accounts ruthlessly. No poverty could be too severe to thwart her purpose. No clothes too old to divert money from this set purpose. But as she figured, planning an economy here, an elimination there, another vision pushed itself into her mind. Bruce might be forced to walk down the road empty handed, but he would not walk alone. Little Claire—with her one eye—would be forced to walk with him.

IT was late when she had finished her plans, and Nancy
(Continued on page 249)

POETRY

Valentine

By Ruth Wright

I HAVE waited long in silence,
For one word, dear, from you.
I love you, dear, and hope each hour—
That you still love me, too.
And if you have forgotten me,
And failed to drop a line;
I'll never mind how cruel you are—
I am forever Thine.

Winter's Gown

By Camille C. Nuffer

WINTER has donned a new gown,
Soft and velvety white.
With patches of filmy lace,
And diamonds sparkling bright.

So terribly proud and cold,
In her gorgeous new array;
Decked like a queen so bold
She proudly rules the day!

She waves her magic wand,
O'er field and dell and hill;
Earth like a tired child,
Bows to her mighty will.

She sprinkles the trees with diamonds
That glisten and play in the sun.
And weaves her lacy patterns
As fine as the spider spun.

Then when her day is done,
Alas, her beauty must die.
She folds up her downy blanket,
And melts away with a sigh.

Life is Like That

By Georgiana Angell Millett

I WISH I could tell you, friend,
How sweet the flowers were;
The gift you thought so lowly;
But life is like that.

Other flowers looked more grand;
When first yours came;
Your marigolds, your mite,
But life is oft like that.

A white-clad nurse cast aside.
These flowers in their pride,
Their mission was a lowly one,
Alas, for life is like that!

Another nurse retrieved my blooms,
These marigolds of sturdy stem,
In water now they bloom anew;
I wish for life like that.

The gorgeous blooms now show decay;
My marigolds laugh on;
And there are people like that too,
Many lives like that.

So happy now these golden-heads,
They fairly sparkle in the sun;
God's sustenance can heal our wounds;
For faith makes life like that.

Many Different People

By Carlton Culmsee

YOU are many different people and I
love them, every one;
There's the quiet little lady with a dainty
dignity.
There's the jolly little tomboy full of
rough and roguish fun.
There's the cold, keen intellectual with
funny, solemn ways.
There's the cook for whom the foods act
docilely.
There's the prickly little spitfire with her
bright brown eyes ablaze.
There's the shy, enticing lover with the
ardor of the sun.
You are many different people and I
love them, every one!

A Bit of Nonsense

Ina

A STRANGE request has come to me:
The letter reads like this—
"I sure adore your poetry:
Please send to me the recipe,
So I can make some, Miss."

Recipe

Take a thought you like the best,
And test it thoroughly—
Thresh it o'er and o'er again,
And if no chaff you see,
Fill a bowl with little words,
The rarest you can find—
Mold a mixture satin-smooth.
And bake it in your mind.

Star Dust

By Dorothy Jacobs Buchanan

I LAUGHED at you
Because I knew
How much you cared.
I smiled to see
That just for me—
Your heart was bared.

And then I knew
That it was you
Who held my heart.
You threw it far—
It hit a star
And fell apart.



Lonely Beauty—Ralph Jensen

Gourmand

By Alberta Huish Christensen

YES I have fed—
From platter brimming o'er;
Eaten the bread that filled
Yet asked for more.
O, for that pristine hunger
My avid lips knew first;
Who dines too oft upon a feast,
Deadens the savor of a simple thirst!

Memory

By Florence Hartman Townsend

I HAVE been loved;
What though life's thread
Grow short and grey and slender?
When all else fades
My heart this thought shall render:
I have been loved;
And lovers' words are tender!

Lament

(ON THE PASSING OF THE SILENT FILM)

By Emily Clowes Burke

BACKWARD, turn backward, O time
in your flight,
Back to the silent film just for one
night;
Call back mute Art from the science of
sound—
Art to the restless heart, restful, pro-
found.

Lull me to sleep in green pastures of old,
Near the still waters and slumbering
fold;

Pause, yet awhile, till in visions I reach
Realms where stars eloquent shine
without speech.

Race o'er the desert where sands meet the
sky,
Where in fierce conflict tribes fall without
cry;

Mount to heights sphynxlike whose snows
melt to earth,
Cascading noiseless in riotous mirth.

Waft me the music of wild, woodland
things
Drawn forth by lute, flute and violin
strings;

Wind, wave and pine-top, soft twitter
of birds,
Give me above all the song without
words.

"Backward, turn backward, O time!"
from life's rush

Into the Temple of Dreams with its
hush;

Draw to the curtain and shut out the
strife;

Close in that calm way of looking
at life.

Night wanes and I waken. Dear Father
Time!

What has obscured the vision sublime?
Stars in their splendor fade. Dawn
spreads her wings.

Art disappears in the jargon of things!

The poem "Rosary" in the January *Era*
was written by Christie Lund. Through an
error it was credited to another author.

Glancing Through

*Brief Summary of Magazine Articles**

By

ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

Parents as Children See Them

By A SCHOOLTEACHER
(*Harper's Magazine* for Dec., 1931)

ONCE an ardent research worker listed, as a result of study, two hundred ways in which children annoy their parents. A schoolteacher, as the result of a test she gave her students, gives some interesting excerpts and rather implies that there are also ways in which grown-ups annoy children. She began by placing on the board the word "Grown-ups", and asked the children to write down the thoughts which came to their minds along with the word. The children seemed to think first of a woman—doubtless their mother—and the characteristic most generally recognized by all of them was that of "bossiness". There were sixty-one sketches, some of them done with devastating frankness. The writer explains that the mothers of these children are of the "upper middle class"—wives of well-to-do college professors, doctors, lawyers. Most of them are conscientious, and attend child-psychology clinics frequently, in order that they might better understand the mind-processes of their children. And yet the cry in the papers of sixty-one children seems to be "Stop bossing me". They long for freedom to be dirty and wear old clothes; to stay up late at night if they choose; to be left without spinach; to let their faces go unwashed at will.

Some of the descriptions say that grown-ups are people who are married and over 29; that they are people who boss you; that they are very different from children; that they are people who make children put on their coats when the grown-ups, not the children, are cold. One says, "They don't have as much fun as we do. Their hair is always fixed and hands washed. It has always been a mystery to me how they do it." Lucy says that they are children who have stretched.

Most of them say that they would hate to be grown-up, one even going



so far as to hope for death at 20. (She is now between 7 and 11). One remarks that grown-ups are those who spell big words when they don't want children to understand them.

The boys are particularly outspoken, both Paul and Arthur saying that grown-ups give them a pain in the neck, because they are too stuck up and try to boss you too much. Several of the boys resent the fact that they must keep themselves so clean. One points out the fact that they are people who sleep all Sunday afternoon; Martha does not care for them because they silence arguments unfairly; Kathleen regards them as provoking at times, chiefly, it seems, because they won't permit you to eat the most tempting desserts until all the spinach is eaten from your plate.

One interesting observation is that the children who mentioned the beautifying which their mothers attempt, speak of it contemptuously. Twelve of the little writers declaim against lipstick, rouge, powder, perfume; some against fur coats, long dresses, permanent waves; many against the evident pleasure which grown-ups take in these things. Over-sweet manners are also disliked. Alex says, "When they call me 'dear' and all that sort of stuff, I almost say 'shut up' because it sounds so silly to me." Several of them speak of the fact that

grown-ups try to keep children too warm. One says that when Aunt Ruth stays with them she "comes in at night and puts about 15 blankets on us". Gertrude says "Women always make you wear a million sweaters and coats when the wind is a little cold. I think that you could have much more fun if women grown-ups would stop thinking about what they look like and get some exercise outdoors. If they would go out and play baseball and those games, they would get some color that was much prettier than rouge".

Of fathers, they say little, except that they work a lot and don't want to be bothered and want children to go to bed early. A truly modern note is one sounded several times to the effect that grown-ups are unfair when they won't let children have what they have. Careful search through the papers shows that when they do have something really nice to say, they say it briefly and with qualifications. Peggy likes her father because he lets her eat candy before meals; Patricia likes grown-ups when she is sick; and one child sums up the prevailing ideas in these words: "Oh, what a paradise it would be without them". But even more conclusively devastating is Caroline with her calm "Grown-ups' ideas are not very interesting to me".

Education and Unemployment

By ROBERT A. MILLIKAN
(*Atlantic Monthly* for Dec., 1931)

IN 1800 more than 95% of the population of the United States were engaged in agriculture; today the number has been estimated at 22½%. Through the recent growth of science and its application to industry more than two-thirds of the energies of our people have been freed from that field and been made available in others. The growth of civilization may be defined roughly as the process of the multiplication of human wants. In all preceding eras, a certain percentage of the population was of necessity kept in slavery to minister to the needs of a despot and his court or a small, favored aristocracy. This condition exists no longer, and the realization of the fact has brought

*By permission of Publishers.

autocracies crashing about us on all sides. The substitute for this age-old system is Democracy, but so far this is only an empty word, for theory and experience go to prove that democracy depends for its success upon a reasonably well-educated electorate; and very few countries have that kind. Naturally the question follows as to how far a country should go in extending the general education of its people, and here of course are many conflicting opinions, ranging from the idea of general education for everyone up to the age of 18 followed by vocational training later, to the one that most people are happier when left in comparative ignorance. Some argue for education up to 9 years, after which children shall find their vocational interests and follow them; but the thought of rather extensive and general education for all up to the age of 18, once considered Utopian, is now coming into being.

Much less than half the people in the country produce the food and raw clothing material, leaving the energies of the other half free to supply new wants; hence have come our new wants—automobiles, radios, moving pictures, gum, cosmetics, cigarettes, airplanes. This series of new industries has been created that many, otherwise idle, might have work. And yet we do not know what to do with our wheat. The new articles have been produced in such quantity that the problem is not how to increase production, but how to increase the consuming power so that everyone can have a job. Science has been so efficient in cheapening production; how can it be applied to consumption?

I may not be able to suggest a way out this year, or next, for the depression of the present is a natural and inevitable result of the inflation of yesterday and a deflation must follow before the normal curve is reestablished. But there is one great new want which has been created, about which there will be little difference of opinion—the *educational* want which has a capacity for consumption which is wholly unlimited—the finest possible solution to the unemployment problem. The industry of high-school education, one of the largest in the country, has a salary roll for teachers of something like \$300,000,000 annually, seven-eighths of which has been developed in the last 30 years. In addition, the college pay-rolls add another half billion dollars. The money for this comes from two sources—taxation and voluntary contribution made by public-spirited citizens and other interested individuals. Both of these methods represent education's answer to the unemployment problem—a way to increase the consuming capacity of the people; and a way which would result in cumu-

latively good results, for a better educated people should mean better government and ever-increasing sanity and happiness in the living-habits of a nation.

But there is one question I know I have raised in many minds: are we not overdoing this whole business of higher education? In numbers, yes; and the remedy is simply to stiffen the requirements for the higher school and let the high schools go more and more into vocational lines. We are supplying too many white collar men instead of vocationally trained ones. We pour from our universities hordes of people who have not the aptitudes and capacities for intellectual work, and are not paying enough attention to the training of the carpenter, the barber, the bricklayer and the house-keeper for the wise use of leisure which the advance of science will afford.

Education in all its branches is society's best answer to the unemployment problem.

This Coming Era of Leisure

By FLOYD H. ALLPORT

(*Harpers' for Nov., 1931*)

LOOKING from my window on Tuesday morning, I see a procession of men going down one street after another emptying ashes into trucks to haul away. In doing their work, a spirit of team effort is evident. Here are rhythm, bodily exercise, co-operation, rivalry, display and even a little of the spice of hazard.

As they disappear, I see in my mind the oil heater recently installed in my neighbor's basement, and think of the time when I too shall have one and be freed from my daily struggle with the furnace. Then I see the ash brigade turned into a crew for delivering oil and keeping oil heaters in condition. Instead of days, hours will suffice to accomplish their work. And I shall have my daily fifteen minutes of freedom which previously was spent with ashes and clinkers. The question rises: what will the ash men do with their leisure? What will I do with mine? Shall we be any happier than we are on the present Tuesday mornings?

Economists argue that rapid circulation of goods and money means prosperity. Greater returns from industry create in the buying public greater purchasing power, so that greater business is called for. It sounds like a merry circle, but I have doubts. It seems to me merely a case of making everyone work harder and faster. But they explain that with labor-saving machinery and proper organization the work of the world will some day be done in two or three hours, and the rest of the time will be given to recreation, travel, the humane arts

and the enjoyment of life generally. I am not entirely convinced that the situation pictured is ideal, though I do grant that labor-saving devices which have saved the housewife and farmer much of their former drudgery is a great relief, that science has rendered men's bodies free from many diseases and has made it possible to combat enemies to their crops so that agriculture is no longer a precarious struggle. But the machine age has brought with it, as well, disadvantages. The true issue calls for keeping the benefits, rejecting the dross and working out a policy for directed development.

Fundamental to this problem are two contrasting theories of leisure: one, the *biological* theory, contends that work and play cannot be separated entirely. The other, which I shall call the *technological* theory, maintains that the routine of life's labor has always been a kind of necessary evil, and that the less time needed for it, the more time for the pursuits which bring happiness. Upon the biological theory, leisure is earned by work, and pays its way as it goes. A garden is a joy because of the labor which has gone into it; a mountain climb brings exhilaration which increases our joy in the view from the summit. The proponents of the other, the technological theory, contend that a man cannot be as happy in his little hand-tilled garden as he can on acres tilled by machinery; that the time required to climb one mountain prevents us from seeing many mountains which we could view if we drove in cars instead of walking.

The theory of biological leisure needs little defense—we are already in a fair way to attain it. But the other, which aims to eliminate work, rests on the blind faith that every effort-saving machine which can be invented brings us that much nearer the millennium. And that is what I propose to challenge.

The harvester and threshing machine have eliminated many a hot weary hour with the scythe and flail; but with millions of men out of work and the grain-market flooded, we are expected to be enthusiastic over a super-harvester which takes over all the wheat-gathering operations previously performed by human hands. Aside from the lack of economy of such a scheme, a tension and excitement are produced which are the opposite of the mood of leisure. Working with so much at stake in investments and large orders, business people inevitably become nervous. We goad ourselves to the point that when the time comes for leisure, we have no energy except for the most trivial pursuits.

There also arises the problem of
(Continued on page 226)

Washington—A Monument to a Man—

Continued from
page 200

While I pause, I find myself saying, 'Yes, the Washington farm-house can be a pattern for every farm home, even as Washington himself is a pattern for every American.'

THE approach to Mt. Vernon from Washington is being greatly improved, and soon the thirty miles of the Potomac River, from Chain Bridge on the Washington-built canal above the city to the Mt. Vernon estate below, will flow between verdant parks. All commercial uses of the river and its shores have been subordinated to the plans for majestic adornment. This work is already far advanced on the great river highway, and the orderliness and dignity of the colonial setting is now becoming manifest.

This memorial restoration and improvement plan also includes "Wakefield", the birthplace of Washington, which was burned in 1780 and never rebuilt. The structure there will soon be completed, adding another attraction

to those points of compelling interest in and near Washington.

These few suggestions regarding the city of Washington indicate something of her physical charms; but varied indeed are her numbers of activities. A few current newspaper and magazine titles suggest other aspects of the city:

Washington—the City of Magnificent Distances.

Washington—the City of Magnificent Deficits.

Washington—The Art Center.

Washington — A Convention City.

Washington — the Mecca of America.

Washington—the Wonder City of the World.

Washington—the City of Science.

A City of Political Corruption—Washington.

The Tree City.

Those mighty boulevards.

A Voteless City.¹

Washington, Like Paris, Being Rebuilt.

A Symbolism of American Progress.

Few persons there are who do not believe in the wisdom of making the Capital City area—in its utilities and its memorials—a truly great national monument. President Hoover well expresses the views of those interested in Washington.

"By its dignity and architectural inspiration we stimulate pride in our country, we encourage that elevation of thought and character which comes from great architecture. * * * It is on this national stage that the great drama of our political life has been played * * * we face similar problems, and here centuries hence some other Americans will face the great problems of their times. For our tasks and their tasks there is need of the daily inspiration of surroundings that suggest not only the traditions of the past but the greatness of the future."

In viewing the City of Washington which is, and in contemplating the city which is to be, all Americans join with Shakespeare in agreeing that the building of a monumental city is "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

Reed Smoot

Continued from
page 20.

eridge, of Indiana; the wealthy senator from Montana, William A. Clark; "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman, from South Carolina; Morgan, of Alabama; Bailey, of Texas, and others—all brilliant and experienced legislators and statesmen of impressive stature—now figures of the past.

REED SMOOT entered the Senate a comparative youngster without the ornaments of oratory or the advantages of classical training, a member of an unpopular church and a representative of a small western state. That body treated him with a little more than its usual indifference and assigned him an assortment of committees which seldom or never met—which in reality never functioned. No senator ever started more humbly and none has ever risen to positions of more influence or places of greater power. His rise has been steady and unspectacular. He is today the acknowledged business manager of the United States Government.

The very qualities that took

him out of the cellar and made him superintendent of the co-op, that took him from the dyeing vats and the carding machine and made him the outstanding manager of the woolen mills, took him from the most insignificant and unimportant committees of the United States Senate and made him chairman of the most influential and powerful committee in the political world.

Intelligence, honesty, a strong mind, a sound body, unparalleled industry, an unquestioned fidelity to every trust committed to his hands, have been the common virtues which have made his career great. No young man of ability ever brought to life's problems these requisites and failed.

We know of no man who preaches more constructively or practices more effectively the great gospel of work than he, and nowhere is there to be found a more shining example of the joy and conquests which come to those who are willing to pay the price in honest effort. It is the price of every worth while thing in

the world. "While others orate he looks behind the pictures and under the rugs and back of the radiators in the federal government and he returns to the Senate floor with more knowledge of the federal government recesses and of their contents than any other senator has ever had in the Senate's whole history."

FORTUNATELY "facts and figures are the wine of life to him." A table of statistics charms him like a romance. A graphic chart of business conditions holds all the beauty of a Rembrandt for him." With his mind committed to facts which need neither rhetoric nor eloquence for their presentation, he is not a man of many words and rarely speaks in the Senate; but when he does speak the senators listen to him.

He has an understanding of governmental machinery, a directness of thinking, a rapidity and accuracy of movement which enables him to accomplish more with less effort than any other man in the Senate. He steps over the entan-

gling webs of red tape and brings things to pass. His fidelity, his inexhaustible energy, his persistence, and his capacity for sifting facts, his breadth of view, his strength of purpose, coupled with his dynamic personality, make him a power among men. Reed Smoot is the calibre of man who must be reckoned with in any company.

HE has not only fostered tenderly the Brigham Young University, which his pioneer father did so much to establish and maintain, but his position as senior senator and his long service in that august body have enabled him to assist more young men to secure technical and professional training than any other man in the state. We doubt if in all his splendid achievements there has been any other thing which has brought to him greater pride or more lasting satisfaction than this service. Hundreds of prosperous men owe their success to Reed Smoot. One's heart is touched with emotion on listening to the expressions of loyalty and gratitude which come from these strong men for the privileges which he made possible for them.

He has a deep and settled faith in God, an unquestioned confidence in his Church and its people, a profound love for his Country and its institutions; an invincible and militant patriotism, a generous and sympathetic attitude toward war veterans and all who have sought their country's good.

Back of a rather Puritanic exterior there is a warm heart and a tender soul, a helpful and solicitous attitude toward the unfortunate, a love for education and a real interest in the beautiful things of life. This state and this nation owes much to Reed Smoot.

A GLIMPSE at the simplicity and purity of his home life reveals one of the fundamental secrets of his great success and one of the sources of his enduring influence.

We are permitted to quote from a Washington newspaper of 1930: "Out of the hurly-burly at Washington comes a strain of old-fashioned music as strange and poignant as a bar of 'Home, Sweet Home' in a jazz concert. And from the last person you would expect to be articulate * * * the senior senator from Utah, Reed Smoot.

"It renews your faith in American life and the American home, still sound and wholesome despite the divorce statistics and the booze overflow.

"I am drawing dividends on the life I have lived since boyhood," says Senator Smoot at 68. "I've never drunk liquor; I never was lazy. I've wronged nobody.

"I was fortunate in marrying as perfect a young woman as ever lived. My children have had a marvelous mother, a superb homemaker." * * *

"That voice a naive pride in years well spent, a touching tribute to a wife now dead. It is the unstudied, rarely uttered thought of a plain American husband and father. There are millions like him.

"Let no cynic scoff at this little glimpse into a typical American household, where honesty, decency, work and affection still are enshrined, purifying and transfiguring this poor mortal life into something that approaches the sublime."

PERHAPS the major service of his life has been given to his country but mention should be made of his service to his Church. He has filled a foreign mission, served as a member of the Stake presidency of Utah Stake of Zion, and for thirty-two years has been a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles of the Church. The greatest vindication that Reed

Smoot, or for that matter any other Latter-day Saint ever gave to this Church or this people, is the rectitude of his conduct—the moral grandeur of his life.

He is a sagacious, hard-headed and eminently practical man; at the same time he is deeply religious. His religion moved him to invoke divine assistance for the speedy termination of the Great War in a prayer which he offered from his seat in the senate chamber. He said: "God bless and approve the action to be taken by the Senate this day. Oh, Father, preserve our government and hasten the day when liberty will be enjoyed by all the peoples of the earth. Amen."

This instance is without parallel in the history of Congress.

HE was married to Alpha M. Eldredge, daughter of Horace M. Eldredge, September 17, 1884, and has six children. She died November 7, 1928, and he was married to his present wife, Alice Taylor Sheets, July 2, 1930.

He is tall, sinewy, and erect. Seventy years of the most taxing and strenuous work have left his health unimpaired and his vigor undiminished—a tribute to his manner of living. There is not an unsound spot in Reed Smoot's character; he is fearless, intrinsically honest, genuinely sincere, expressing his convictions with candor and without vindictiveness.

George Washington—Athlete

Continued from
page 204

He threw a silver dollar across the Potomac at its widest point. Not only did this historic "peg" give future Cobbs, Speakers and Simmonses something to shoot at, but it set one of the precedents for future U. S. Presidents—a precedent that has been variously construed. Many Chief Executives have thrown away countless dollars in an effort to best Washington's record. It remained for Calvin Coolidge to interpret George's feat as an example of how far a dollar could be made to go.

If all the historians have failed to immortalize Washington, his name will yet live forever—for, because of this remarkable throw, he has made Ripley's "Believe it or Not".

Certainly this grand American possessed the physique, the coordination, the physical and moral courage, the poise, the resourcefulness, the fighting qualities to make him as outstanding an athlete as a statesman and a military genius.

And if we may judge his football possibilities by his adroit skirting of the flanks and his drives through the line, his spinners and feints and passes, his blocking and tackling and generalship in that crucial battle for the world's championship against the colorful Cornwallis aggregation, we may name him as captain and quarterback on the All-Time All-American.

Glancing Through

Continued from
page 223

how a technological leisure, if it were forthcoming, could be spent. The ruthless destruction of local woods and streams, farms and villages which have been the charm of the countryside for those who cannot travel afar, will eventually destroy the environment for natural recreation. Wild birds are being destroyed or driven away; concrete highways and billboards have detracted from the natural beauty of the country.

Education in schools and colleges is turning from the pure sciences and the liberal arts to technical and vocational training. We are teaching our young people how to operate the machines of today and tomorrow, but are neglecting to teach them how to occupy the leisure which will come as a result of machine civilization. Music and drama are suffering in the character

and extent of popular participation, due to mechanized transmission and the talking screen. In social intercourse the same deplorable changes may be noted. Conversation, neighborhood visiting, family entertainments, sewing clubs and literary circles were yesterday's leisure pursuits; but now we are too busy to keep up such contacts. Instead of men and women, we meet automobiles. Courtesies and amenities are lost on machines. Families are divided for purposes of financial betterment. The world has changed.

These, then, are the two ideals of leisure—the biological method, familiar to us in the past—slow, humble, effortful and compliant with nature, rather than ascendant over it; the technological method proposed for the future, heroic and imperious toward

nature. The one prospect offers the immediate enjoyments of nature; the other the pleasures fabricated by the machine. The one invites us to a participation in the creation of beauty; the other pours upon our senses a flood of variegated, though sometimes beautiful, sensations. The one encourages reflection and knowledge for its own sake; the other standardizes intellectual training for practical ends.

We stand already upon the threshold of that leisure whose glory and fulfillment are seen within our lives as natural beings. It is a leisure in which we form a part. Shall we forsake this prospect for what may turn out to be a mirage in the desert; for a vision which may fade out as we approach, leaving only the hot sands over which we have toiled in vain?

Social Conventions

Continued from
page 215

Every boy who desires to cultivate good taste in behaviour will respect the conventions, because he realizes the truth of the saying that, "there is more liberty under law than there is without law." And while every girl must in a sense be her own chaperon, she will always welcome the official chaperon as a sign that the proprieties are being observed—which leaves her free to enjoy herself without too much restraint.

Good manners cannot make us virtuous, but they can protect us from the appearance of wrong and the opportunity to sin.

Minor Conventions

THE minor conventions are the "little things" which oil the machinery of social life. They are all

based on the cardinal virtue—*consideration for others*.

We make a definite reply when a verbal invitation to a social affair is extended to us and at the same time express our appreciation of the invitation.

We answer promptly a written invitation in order that the hostess may know she can count on our coming.

We keep all appointments promptly in order that other people may not be kept waiting.

Consideration for others makes us cordial and attentive to the person who is speaking to us, and to the person who is being introduced to us. When an introduction is being made we look directly and attentively at the person who is being introduced to us and listen to the name that is

being said; if by any chance we fail to hear it, we do not ask to have it repeated, but wait until we can quietly ask a third person for it. Most people dislike being asked to repeat their names and our failure to hear it usually means that we have been inattentive. A person who is casual or indifferent about social contacts, shows a lack of good breeding. To be indifferent to a person who is being introduced to you is to be rude—and rudeness (though much of the time it is mere thoughtlessness) is a fault that is hard to forgive because there is so little excuse for it.

The person who is not only kind, but is also thoughtful, instinctively follows conventions because he is careful to refrain from doing the thing that brings discomfort to others.

Our Curious Friend of Ground-Hog Day

Continued from
page 214

rangement of teeth, the ground-hog can subsist on insects, on the flesh of large animals, as well as on the vegetables which were long supposed to be his only food.

Some ground-hogs attain a very considerable size—almost that of the household cat—although they are very differently formed from her.

At all times of year they are ground animals by preference, and so spend all of their time, except what is taken by feeding, in their burrows.

These burrows they dig with rapidity and ease, to considerable

depth. They take particular care to slope the passage downward. Their home shall be beyond the intense cold of winter. Still, it shall be built so as to be in no danger of filling with water during rains, or by the melting of the snow.

Although easy to capture, as their travel is slow, and while it is also not easy to dig them from their burrows, the ground-hogs are seldom followed for game. They are of little value as that. In autumn, when they are quite fat, they are occasionally eaten; but they are not very palatable to

those who are choice in their pick of food.

The American ground-hog, wood-chuck, marmot, is hardly to be accounted an entertaining character, except for the superstition attaching to him.

As stated, he is not easily tamed. He certainly does not possess the amusing qualities of his European kinsman, the true marmot. He stays rather surly at all times.

The body of the ground-hog owned by the children at Constance is really thick and squat. The legs are so short that the ground-hog's "tummy" almost

seems to graze the ground, as he walks.

This ground-hog is perhaps 18 inches long, with 4 inches of tail behind.

His body is brownish-grey above, reddish-brown below. Head, tail, feet, are blackish-brown. Nose and cheeks are ash-brown.

THE animal remains asleep the greater part of the day, in the burrow he has dug in the fenced-around space in the young masters' garden.

When first the boys captured the pet, they kept him in a cage close by. They then dug well into the earth, and placed a layer of cement as floor to the hole, this so that the ground-hog should not burrow through and escape. They then drove long, thin iron rods from the hardware store down to this cement base. The rods are set sufficiently close, so that the animal can't slip through. They protrude and support the netting-fence on the surface of the plot that keeps him within bounds, except when they would bring him out and play with him. Earth filled back on the cement and rammed hard has become as hard as the native soil about. Into this plot the ground-hog digs, as in the wild.

Given his own way, the ground-hog will remain asleep in his burrow the greater part of the day. Only at rare intervals does he come out and look about.

When he does appear so, he is fond of sitting erect—up on his haunches—the forefeet hanging loosely down.

He keeps the erect position when feeding, also. He bends the head upward and sideways at times, drawing the neck along.

Comes evening, and the ground-hog who is free in the woods sallies forth for supper. He feeds on grass of various sorts, on fruit and vegetables.

In New England, one observer relates, the ground-hogs are sometimes very numerous in the cultivated farm-lands. They do much damage to clover fields. Not only because they eat their fill of the crop, but they tread down a great deal more. Also, they make havoc among the pumpkins, and then with the corn when in milk.

A ground-hog family includes

3 to 8 young at a time. The babes grow rapidly. When three weeks of age they make a pretty sight, playing around the burrows.

ADULT ground-hogs seldom venture far from their holes by day. When a ground-hog is surprised then, he will run very fast for this shelter. Then, or, should he fear that he has not the chance of reaching there and of making his escape, he will stop short, and often "squat" on the earth. He can then rely on his color camouflaging him to the earth about. He will next look about very slyly; as if afraid of being noticed. Believing himself in an extremity, he will take refuge in the crevice of a rock, or on some stone wall. When the foe approaches closer, the ground-hog utters a queer, gurgling sound. This he varies with chattering. For other occasions he has a shrill, whistle-like note. Hence the French-Canadian name for him—the whistler.

Goodrich, one of the best authorities on the ground-hog states:

"In defending himself, the ground-hog will often bite severely. He will do a desperate battle with a dog, usually with such success that he escapes.

"Although given ordinarily to strolling on the earth," as said, "the ground-hog does occasionally climb the bushes, or trees, seldom ascending to a height of over 7 feet, never the-less. Sometimes he will enjoy a nap in the sun, while reclining on one of the branches.

"Other times one will see him cleaning and combing his face.

Anonymous

By Estelle Webb Thomas

SINCE this is Saint Valentine,
I may venture just a line,
You will never know 'tis mine—
Never, never!
I shall speak while I've the nerve,
Tell my love without reserve,
How my heart longs but to serve
Yours forever.

Though I've waited many a year,
Watering hope with many a tear—
For the vows I never hear—
Never, never!
And though rich in love you be,
You may one day gladly see
That my heart is faithfully
Yours forever.

while seated on the hindlegs, much in the way a squirrel would sit to a like end. At other times one finds the wood-chuck 'licking down' and smoothing his fur, as a cat would hers.

"The animal's hide is loose and tough. It has long been used for whip-lashes.

"The flesh," he agrees, "is flabby, and, though of a rank flavor, when cooked like roast pig, can be eaten by persons who are very hungry.

"Some take the creature for its fur."

THE ground-hogs grow sleepy, and prepare to hibernate about the end of October. They are solitary. Each family keeps apart; the groups do not congregate, as prairie-dogs do. It is believed that they eat nothing in the long months underground.

"Burrows are usually on the slope of a hill; often near the root of a tree, beneath rocks, and sometimes on stone walls. Circumstances allowing, a burrow may extend 20 to 30 feet from the opening. It will descend 4—5—feet—obliquely at first, then rising to a large, round chamber—the bedroom and nursery both. Farmers will take the ground-hog often by setting steel traps at the mouth of the burrow; sprinkling these with sand and light grass."

He tells of a ground-hog also taken as pet, and kept so for two years. First it was wild and ill-natured; quite as the one at Constance was at the start. It would keep concealed during the day; but attempted to escape at night.

At last it became reconciled to its situation. It lived in the kitchen, on excellent terms with the cook, the cat and the dog. There it occupied a box with a straw-bed.

WHEN winter approached, although the box was in a warm corner, the animal arranged its bed carefully. It rolled itself into a ball, with its nose buried in its abdomen. Then it became completely torpid — fast asleep. Thus it remained for six weeks. It was then taken out and rolled on the carpet, but without showing the least sign of animation.

Finally it was laid by the fire.

In perhaps half an hour it raised its head slowly, looked around, and attempted to find its house.

It was returned to its bed, where it remained in its strange sleep until spring.

He concludes:

"What a wonderful provision of nature is this, for those quad-

rupeds which inhabit a cold region and which, living on green vegetables and juicy fruits, would perish, where the earth is bound in ice and snow for half the year if compelled to obtain their *daily meal*. How wise—how all-knowing—is the Author of Nature; who can conceive the design of

sustaining animal life without food for half a year! How marvellous the skill of Him who can so adapt means to ends, as to accomplish this miracle!"

The ground-hog is found from Canada to the Carolinas; and from the Atlantic to the Rockies; though not beyond.

¶ Saving or Demonstrating Your Religion—Which?

Continued from
page 209

said, "The other rings are false. Father gave me the genuine ring. I was the son that he loved most." But no one of them could convince the other two.

Finally they went to a judge for his decision. Each swore before the judge that he had received the ring directly out of his father's hand—which indeed was true. Each was vigorous in accusing the others of making false claims.

THEN, said the judge, "If the father is not brought before my seat I cannot judge the case. Am I to guess riddles? Or do you expect the true ring here to unseal its lips? But hold—you tell me that the genuine ring has the secret power to make the wearer beloved

by both God and man. Let that decide, for the counterfeit rings cannot have this power. Who of the three is best beloved? Is there no reply? Do none of these rings exercise the wonderful influence? The genuine ring perchance has disappeared. Then this is my counsel to you. If each of you has had a ring presented by his father, let each believe his own to be the genuine one. Let each sincerely strive to emulate his brethren in seeking to prove the virtues of the ring he has, by offices of kindness and of love and trust in God. If in years to come the virtues of the old ring shall reappear among your children's children, then, once more come to this judgment seat. A greater far

than I shall sit upon it and decide."

We see how Job, Lessing, and Fosdick have each in their own ways emphasized almost the very same message—one that no sincere religionist can afford to ignore. As for us we are surely not going to be found among those who show undue concern about saving our religion without giving it the chance it should have to save us. We know that the anxiety to bolster up artificially any system, is in reality a damaging confession of lack of faith in it. What counts for most in establishing the divinity of our religion is how it enters dynamically for good into our every day lives really making us "beloved by both God and man".

¶ Beauty in the Home

Continued from
page 217

outlines of realistic flowers in the chintz, are, of course, out of harmony. The law of harmony of ideas compels one to conventionalize flowers, fruits and other forms borrowed from nature before employing them as the decoration for china, sofa pillows, pottery and other articles.

V. Color Harmony

THE fifth type of harmony is that of color. It is of such paramount importance that it will be treated later.

The tests of harmony are:

1. Have the objects in a room anything in common in shape, size, texture, idea, color?
2. Have the large pieces of furniture been placed so that they follow the structural lines of the room rather than contradict them?
3. Does the decoration show restraint and refinement?
4. Does the room spell "order" rather than "confusion"?

We become so accustomed to the

things of our own environment that it is not an easy task to criticize the mistakes of our home. For this reason it is suggested that the reader analyze and criticize the things about her in her own home after each lesson.

The prime reason for the universal interest in the beautifying of the home is the desire for that peace of mind which comes from really beautiful, harmonious surroundings.

True False Test

DRAW a circle around "T" if the statement is true and draw a circle around "F" if false:

1. T. F. A round center-piece on a round table suggests shape harmony.
2. T. F. Rugs should be placed cater-cornered in a room, to emphasize shape harmony.
3. T. F. If curtains at a window are to be tied back very far, it is better to separate them at the top.
4. T. F. A fire-place made of plaster or brick is in harmony with brass and coarse tapestries.

5. T. F. Large pieces of furniture should not be placed parallel with the wall.

6. T. F. Small chairs and movable objects may be placed at varied angles.

7. T. F. A picture should not be related in shape to the wall space which it occupies.

8. T. F. Wicker furniture is improved by upholstering it in silk damask.

9. T. F. A room with rose colored draperies should have accents of rose in the pillows, pottery or some other place.

10. T. F. Oak furniture calls for fine satin and chinese embroideries, while mahogany is in keeping with cretonnes and other coarse fabrics.

11. T. F. Navajo rugs are not in harmony with fine Wiltons and Oriental rugs.

12. T. F. Coarse pottery is not in harmony with beautiful linen damask.

Answers to December Test.

- | | |
|-------|--------|
| 1. T. | 6. F. |
| 2. T. | 7. T. |
| 3. T. | 8. F. |
| 4. F. | 9. T. |
| 5. T. | 10. T. |

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Expressions in Choral Singing

By EDWARD P. KIMBALL

BELIEVING that our choristers will welcome every helpful and worthwhile suggestion that may aid in their success with the choirs, the Music Committee reproduces herewith a chapter on expression in choral singing from a very good book by H. S. Kirkland, entitled "Expression in Singing." In the text will be found a number of examples, but as they are taken from the works well-known to choirs and choir-leaders it is felt that they will be accessible to so large a number of our workers that the article can be published as of interest to the greater number of our musicians. It is entitled "Choral Singing."

"There is no reason why characteristic expression, by which I mean expression which goes to the genius of the melodic phrase when it springs from the verbal, should be ignored, simply because it may be difficult of attainment from large bodies of singers. There is so much monotony in oratorio concerts because all oratorios and all parts of any single oratorio are sung alike."—H. E. Krehbiel; How to Listen to Music.

Stimulus and reaction should be the same in chorus as in solo singing. The ideas of the text should arouse the same emotions and these should be expressed by the singers, collectively, through the same means as those used by a solo singer. If Color, Quality and other means for expression serve definite purposes for the soloist, they will accomplish the same ends when used by a number of singers in choral work. A chorus is but a quartet, or quintet, multiplied several or many times.

For many people, and rightly, there is a strong religious-sentimental halo investing Handel's *Messiah*, which pre-disposes them to find in its performances all they expect to find, whether that is actually presented or not. This leads to the belief that the effect produced on them is not wholly caused by what they really hear, but is largely the result of their own emotions acted upon by their imaginations. Enjoyment may be as great from the one cause as from the other; but an excellence really due to the mental state of the hearer and not to the performance should not be credited to the latter.

Precluding all such auto-suggestion in the consideration of the following choruses from the oratorio just named, the criticism is made that in chorus

singing the nature of the emotion to be expressed is rarely made clear.

In *For unto us a child is born*, the emotional picture to be presented is joy mounting into triumph; scorn and derision rising to a frenzy is to be shown in *He trusted in God that He would deliver Him*; amazement and awe in *Behold the Lamb of God*. Emotions so diverse as these cannot be manifested by the same means nor in the same manner. Yet it is unusual to hear any tonal changes other than those which are dynamic and which are powerless to give the emotional keynote.

Only appropriate Color and Quality of tone will express the character of the emotion or suggest its changes. The bright color suitable in *For unto us a child is born* would be quite inappropriate in *He trusted in God*. Other choruses illustrative of the importance of suitable adaptation of tone color and quality to the feelings to be expressed, and as extreme in their emotional differences as those just mentioned, could be cited from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Elgar's *King Olaf*, or other modern works. Examples quite sufficient in number for the purpose have been chosen from the *Messiah* because that work is most familiar, and because its performance is so often purely a perfunctory one.

One feature of good chorus singing always noticed is distinct Articulation. A performance which is metrically precise and definite (or crisp, when crispness is needed) is so, largely, because clear metrical feeling is made apparent through energetic articulation of consonants begun and ended together, especially those which occur on the accented part of the measure. Let us reverse the statement: energetic articulation of consonants at the right time, and especially of those which occur on the accented parts of the measure, gives the impression of metrical precision and clearness because pulse boundaries are clearly defined.

In choral, as in solo, singing, articulation having a degree of energy which will manifest the activity of the emotion to be expressed, will have sufficient energy to emphasize metrical precision, and more than enough merely to make the words understood. (This last statement, of course, holds true only when the different voices are singing the same words at the same time.)

Energy of articulation is of dis-

tinct value in giving importance to a particular phrase, as in imitative writing where the entry of a subject or an answer demands prominence. For the application of this principle interesting examples may be found in the standard oratorios, as in the following phrases:—"For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," in the *Hallelujah* chorus, and "Blessing and honor, glory and power" in *Worthy is the Lamb*, both from the *Messiah*, and the following from various choruses in the *Elijah*: "Blessed are the men who fear Him," "Thanks be to God," "Be not afraid," "Lord our Creator."

After accuracy of pitch and meter are acquired by a chorus, attention is usually given to Dynamics. Perhaps this is done because so much time is necessarily consumed in securing correct intonation and rhythm; or, perhaps, because it is thought that therein lies the principal if not the sole means of expressiveness. At any rate, *Piano* and *Forte*, *crescendo* and *diminuendo* are easier subjects for a director to talk about, and much less difficult for a chorus to master than the more subtle changes of vocal quality and color.

Changes in power will be more vital and stimulating to both singers and listeners if the singers can be induced to make such changes, not because dynamic signs are printed in the score, but because feeling increases and diminishes as its exciting idea waxes or wanes in strength. Then the real reason for changes in power will be understood. In the chorus, *For unto us a child is born*, emotional increase is steady and strong through several measures previous to the words, "Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God;" so there is a demand for an equivalent increase in power.

The principles governing the use of different Modes of Vocalization, as shown in the chapter on that subject, are applicable, to a large extent, in choral singing. As in solo singing, the usual mode is the *legato*.

Examples of the *staccato* are not infrequent. "Let there be Light," in the first chorus in *The Creation*, may be mentioned. An extreme instance is found in Mendelssohn's *The First Walpurgis Night*, where it serves most effectively to heighten the effect desired by the composer.

The *marcato* judiciously applied in *He trusted in God*, will, through contrast with the general *legato*, ma-

terially accentuate the effect of 'scornful derision which the chorus should give. Opportunities for the use of both the *staccato* and *marcato* occur in a number of Elgar's works—*The Challenge of Thor*, for instance.

The *portamento* may be used to advantage at certain times in *Behold the Lamb of God*, but it is easily overdone, with disastrous results.

One could imagine occasions, as when a humorous idea is to be suggested in a very exaggerated manner, when the *aspirato* might be used; but in choral singing such occasions are rare.

How and when each of these means of expression—Color, Quality, Powers, Articulation, Vocalization—are to be used, is to be decided solely by the efficacy of the particular

means in the manifestation of idea.

Choral singing would be much more interesting to both singers and listeners than it usually is, if vocal changes appropriate to the ideas could be made. Frequently, however, there is a great deal of immature musical material among chorus members, which demands too much time for the mechanical task of securing metrical and pitch accuracy, leaving too little time for attention to the development of the artistic side—emotional expression.

For choral work to be really artistic, there must be not only a very high degree of musical intelligence and vocal responsiveness among chorus singers, but there must also be, by the Director, a treatment of the voices as *voices*, and not as mere articulating

instruments. It is quite possible for a Director who is capable of suggesting *only* dynamic or instrumental effects to a chorus, to chill his singers into a stiff insensibility that will effectively prevent the attainment of the best choral results. To gain such results he should know the ideas or conceptions that are to be expressed, and be able to suggest the *vocal* means which will express them. From what has been said heretofore, it is easy to see that the vocal means includes very much more than mere changes in power. Conceptions of definite emotional process, as indicated by the text, and ability to point out the means to express those conceptions, should be part of the choral Director's equipment, quite as much as his musical or instrumental knowledge.

The Art of Accompanying

THERE is no branch of the art of music about which so little is known as the art of the accompanist." The foregoing assertion is made by Algernon H. Lindo, one of the most able accompanists of Europe. Any one who has attended concerts of importance, or better, who has officiated at concerts, knows that this is not overstating the truth. With the exception of the accompanist himself it is doubtful if anyone is really aware of the burden resting upon this participant, not even the artist, except in lesser degree. In the public mind the accompanist, if he comes in for any share of consideration at all, is a pianist who is not competent to play solos, but who possesses sufficient technique to "get through," under cover of the artist, who holds the attention of the hearers, the accompaniment of certain solos. He is thought of also as a person who has the ability to read well at sight, and many times his audience is thoughtless enough to imagine that some of his magnificent work is sight-reading! Many times the artist at the piano who is submerging a genuine musical personality into a fine ensemble is the greater musician, both by natural gifts and training, and gives evidence of his splendid

musicianship by his very willingness to fit himself into an artistic whole, and how often do soloists neglect to appreciate this service, and how seldom do we see them give any public recognition to their accompanists who have contributed in so large a measure to their success! This service is seldom recognized by the public either, and if the concert-goer could be made to realize what an integral part of the performance the work of the accompanist is, much keener enjoyment in listening to music performance could be experienced, and a recognition of this would result in a greater effort by all concerned to secure the best possible musicians for this important branch of art.

The accompanist functions in two directions. He is a soloist as well as an accompanist, and many times his work as soloist in the introductions and other portions of a musical work, when he plays alone, are as important and impressive as any other part of the work. He must realize this, and young people aspiring to this important branch of art-endeavor ought to keep this in mind. In modern compositions, particularly, the instrumental part of the work is of equal im-

port with the solo, and the accompanist must be able to deliver his message with authority. While it may be true that a performance is sometimes marred by an inadequate instrumental introduction, it is oftener the case that a tremendously effective performance is accredited to a soloist when in reality the credit should be equally shared with a real accompanist. It does not seem a difficult task to find accompanists who are technically prepared to render their part of the score from the soloists' point of view. A commoner difficulty is to secure one who not only is technically proficient, but who has that real artistic sense of proportion that will enable him to submerge his personality, and make his talent and gifts subservient to an artistic ensemble. It requires a fine sense of art for one who is in the possession of great technique to lose his individuality in a simple art-work, and yet this is the truest manifestation of art in the making of performers. This is the real test of the successful accompanist, as it requires a real perspective of the work, and the accompanist is largely responsible for the consummation of the composer's intention.

To Choristers

THE choristers training course, inaugurated at the McCune School of Music and Art last fall, is to be repeated during the early spring. B. Cecil Gates, Assistant Director of the Tabernacle Choir, has designed the course and will conduct it with two purposes in view: to clear up the technical difficulties met with by every chorister; to train young musicians

and prospective choristers, who have had no experience in conducting, for chorister positions.

Ten lessons constitute the course, given on ten consecutive Monday evenings from 7:30 to 9:00 o'clock, the first class to meet on February 8 at the McCune School. Each of the lessons will include instruction and drill in the following subjects: *How*

to Use the Baton (a) *in congregational singing* (b) *in the ward choir*; *Sight-reading of Pitch and Rhythm*; *Expression Marks and their Meaning*. The tuition is \$6.00 for the course.

These lessons are a practical amplification of the very general course for choristers and organists given a year ago.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Fagged Out

By CLAUDE C. CORNWALL

Scene: Interior of Mr. White's home. Evening.

Characters: James H. White, a business man; Mrs. White, his wife; Fred White, their son; Roy Adams, works with Fred; Miss Helen McDonald, a school girl; Mr. Richard Howell, Mgr. Howell & Co.

Time: The present.

(At the rise of the curtain Mr. and Mrs. White are discovered talking with each other. They are waiting for Mr. Howell to arrive.)

Mrs. White: What did Mr. Howell say?

Mr. White: He didn't say much—only that he couldn't keep the boy. He is coming here to talk with me tonight.

Mrs. White: But what has the boy done? You know Fred has been working for Mr. Howell over a year.

Mr. White: It's a surprise to me—and a disappointment to think that one of my own boys can't keep his job.

Mrs. White: What has gone wrong with him?

Mr. White: That's what I can't make out. Mother, have you had a serious talk with Fred lately?

Mrs. White: No—he avoids me—but that's to be expected. He's eighteen now—at that age all boys are naturally shy.

Mr. White: But Fred has been peculiar of late. He doesn't look me squarely in the eye. I can't imagine what has brought about the change. (A knock is heard, Mrs. White answers the door and admits Mrs. Howell).

Mrs. White: Good evening—Mr. Howell, I believe?

Mr. Howell: Yes, Mr. Howell.

Mr. White: Come right in, Mr. Howell.

(Mrs. White takes his coat and hat, places them on the rack).

Mr. White: Will you sit here?

Mr. Howell: Thank you.

Mrs. White (excusing herself): I suppose you wish to talk with Mr. White?

Mr. Howell: Thank you—that is—there is really no reason why you should not—

Mrs. White: I have a number of things to attend to—you know, there are no office hours when it comes to women's work.

Mr. Howell: I have heard Mrs. Howell say that many times. (They laugh. Exit Mrs. W. They sit.)

Mr. Howell: Well—Mr. White, I have come to talk with you about your boy.

Mr. White: Yes.

Mr. Howell: A year ago Fred came to me and asked for a job. I put him to work. I have never seen more ambition in a young fellow than he manifested at that time. There wasn't a finer young man on the force. I used to watch his record every day. It was a pleasure to see him gaining ground. No boy in my employ showed prospects of a more brilliant future than Fred White. I want you to know that. But the last few months have been a puzzle. The very life has gone out of him. He comes to work in the morning full of pep, but in an hour it is all gone. Does he stay out nights?

Mr. White: Occasionally—but not often late.

Mr. Howell: He has lost all interest in the firm, and has developed a total indifference to his work.

Mr. White: What could have broken down his spirit like this?

Mr. Howell: The climax of the matter came yesterday. He has been making collections from some of our customers. Gus Harms is one of our largest purchasers. An order has been charged to him for several months. I wrote him about the matter and he replied that it had been paid. I could find no record, so I wrote him again, and he sent me a receipted bill, bearing Fred's signature.

Mr. White: Oh, but that must be a mistake! He has probably forgotten to turn it in.

Mr. Howell: It is that kind of forgetting which makes it necessary for me to let Fred go. I haven't taken this up with the boy yet. I have come to you first.

Mr. White: This is a problem. (Rises.) Of course you can't keep him. You wouldn't be expected to do that. But what has brought about this change in the boy? I have noticed his indifference around home. Some of our young people cannot assume responsibility. We do too many things for them. The sidewalk keeps the mud from their feet, the automobile takes them leisurely where we used to walk. If they are to be amused they go to the movies, where it is all prepared for them. All they have to do is to slip listlessly into the stream of ready-made experiences, and when responsibility comes, they fail; they cannot stand up under its weight.

Mr. Howell: In a measure, you are right. And yet, that shouldn't be the case with Fred. He has always had his duties at home, has he not?

Mr. White: I have tried to keep him busy. It is only during the last six months that his foundation seems to have been completely undermined. (Fred's whistle is heard outside.)

Mr. White: There is Fred now. Perhaps it will be well not to let him know you are here. Will you come into the study? (Exeunt. The door-bell rings, Mother enters, notices the room empty, goes to the door and admits Helen McDonald).

Mrs. White: Why, Helen, when did you get back?

Helen: I'm not back yet, that is, not home. The folks didn't meet me at the station. I tried to telephone, but there must not be any one at home. I guess I look a sight.

Mrs. White: Didn't they know you were coming?

Helen: I wired from the train this afternoon, but they must have been away all day.

Mrs. White: Fred is here. I heard him a minute ago. He can take you over in the car. I know he will be glad to see you.

Helen: Do you really think so?

Mrs. White: He speaks of you often.

Helen: Oh, it will be so good to see a boy again.

Mrs. White: Oh, that's right—you don't see many boys at your school. And what have you been doing?

Helen: Oh, I'm becoming quite a

The Lord Says:

"Tobacco is not good for man, but for bruises and sick cattle."

lady—learning to courtesy, be sad, be polite—now watch this, "I'm so delighted to see you, Mrs. White." There—how's that for a perfect lady?

Mrs. White: (laughing): You will always be the same Helen. (Both laugh). Well now, take off your things and rest yourself. I'll go and call Fred.

Helen: My hair will all fall down if I do.

Mrs. White: Then come with me. We'll find a mirror and then give Fred a surprise. (Exeunt Rear. Fred and Ray enter from outside.)

Fred: Come in a minute, Ray. (Calls) Mother! I guess nobody's home. What do you say if we go for a ride?

Ray: It's all right with me.

Fred (picking up newspaper): Harry Lowes lands homer in the 13th. Lefty's long swat saves series for Seals. What do you know about that? 13 innings and then lands a home run!

Ray (looking at paper): Must have been some game. I'd like to have seen it.

Fred: Why didn't you go?

Ray: Can't afford the time just now.

Fred (sarcastically): Oh yes, you are a very busy man, aren't you?

Ray: Yes, and I'm going to keep busy, too. The boss treated me mighty swell today.

Fred: How?

Ray: Ten-dollar raise (triumphantly). And he said if I'd keep it up I'd make a place with the firm.

Fred (tosses his head): Oh well, you've got a stand-in with the old man. He's always treated me rotten enough.

Ray: Come on, Fred, you can make good if you try. Howell will be dead square with you if you give him a chance.

Fred: Oh, you are going to start preaching to me, are you?

Ray: No. (Turns away from him).

Well, if we're going down town, let's be moving.

Fred: All right. (Takes a "fake" cigarette from pocket and offers it to Ray). Here, want a "Fag"?

Ray: No! And I don't see why you use them.

Fred: All right, little sister, all right—but don't quarrel with me. (Lights match and holds it under cigarette; starts for door. Ray has already gone out. Enter Mr. White, followed by Mr. Howell.)

Mr. White (calls): Fred—is that you? Just a minute.

Fred (takes cigarette in right hand and hides it behind him): Yes, (calls) I'll be out in a minute, Ray. (To Mr. White): What is it?

Mr. White: Do you know Mr. Howell?

Fred (takes off his hat with his left hand): Yes sir.

Mr. White: Mr. Howell and I have been talking things over, and he has told me some things which astonish me. There is no use beating around the bush. We might as well come right to the point. Mr. Howell tells me there are discrepancies in your accounts.

Fred: In my accounts? I've always turned them in straight.

Mr. White: Are you absolutely sure of that, my boy?

Fred: Yes.

Mr. Howell: Fred, here is a receipted bill from Mr. Harms. This is your signature, is it not. Did you turn that in?

Fred (stands defiant for a moment, and then breaks down): No; I collected it all right, but that night I went out with the boys, and lost it in a game. I've tried to make it up, but everything has been against me, and I couldn't do it.

Mr. Howell: I know how it is, Fred. But I'm going to give you another chance. This is just between

us three—no one else need know. I'll make up the money and you can pay me. We'll just forget the whole matter. Come on, boy, give me your hand.

(Fred hesitates and shows signs of uneasiness because of the cigarette).

Mr. Howell: I know just how you feel about it. (Reaches for Fred's arm. Fred drops the cigarette, and Howell takes his hand. (Howell picks up cigarette.) No! you don't use cigarettes? (Steps back astonished).

Mr. White: I had never dreamed of that.

Mr. Howell: That makes it different. I don't know what I can do now. That's too much of a handicap. You are not Fred White any longer. You are a slave of the "Fag". Look, Fred—this is your boss, and you can't serve any other. (Turns to Mr. White). Mr. White, I am afraid I must reconsider—

Mother (enters buoyantly, because she thinks the men are still in the study): Fred, I have a surprise for you.

Helen (enters joyfully): And I'm the surprise! (Helen notes Fred's situation. He keeps his eyes on the floor away from her).

Helen: Aren't you glad to see me? (She turns to Mr. Howell and asks): What is the matter? (Goes to Mother).

Mr. Howell: Fred has been carrying his head in the clouds. His vision has been dimmed by the mist. He's "fagged" out. But I think his feet are planted on solid earth again, and he'll come out all right—when the smoke clears away.

Fred (goes to Mr. Howell and grips his hand): I'm going to try it, (turns to Helen) and you are going to help me, aren't you? (She takes his hand.)

CURTAIN

Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Plan

AT the Aaronic Priesthood convention held in the Assembly Hall, April 4, 1931, there was presented a new and comprehensive plan of co-operation between all agencies in the Church directly concerned with the activities of young men 12 to 20 years of age. This plan is known as the *Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Plan*. It marshals a large proportion of the man-power of the Church behind a program of training for the young men of the Church. It has been called "the most important movement in connection with the Aaronic Priesthood since it was restored to the earth."

In order that all who are concerned with the inauguration and operation of the plan may have complete details,

the outline of the plan as prepared by the General Committee and distributed in circular form last April is here presented.

The first project under the plan was a complete membership survey. This survey has been completed in several of the stakes, in some cases with surprising results. In one stake 520 persons, members of the Church, were found whose names were not on record. Of this number, 150 were young men of Aaronic Priesthood age.

Efforts are now being made by the General Committee to intensify activity among members of Aaronic Priesthood quorums through the operation of the correlation plan.

Where the stake and ward Correl-

tion Committees have not been fully organized and set in motion, it is urged that this be done at once. Where the survey has not been made, it is suggested that immediate action be taken as a necessary step in the operation of the plan and that the plans outlined be put into effect at as early a date as possible.

The Aaronic Priesthood CORRELATION PLAN

Correlation of All Agencies in the Training of Young Men (12 to 20 Years) in the Wards and Stakes of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"Wherefore, now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office

in which he is appointed, in all diligence."—Doc. and Cov. 107:99.

Prepared by the Presiding Bishopric, General Superintendency of Sunday Schools, General Superintendency of Y. M. M. I. A. and Commissioner of Education.

Training of the Young Man in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Under the Immediate Direction of the Presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood
The Objective—

To prepare young men for missionary activity, for other church service, and for life.

The Agencies—

1. Quorums.
2. Sunday Schools.
3. Y. M. M. I. A.
4. Department of Education.

The Courses of Study and Activities—

1. Through Quorums.

Training members in the spirit and responsibility of Priesthood.

Testing their knowledge of Gospel essentials and their observance of commandments.

Assignments of duties and performance of ordinances.

Social and fraternal activities:

- Promoting mutual welfare.
- Developing quorum identity.
- Honoring parents and home.
- Stimulating brotherhood.

2. Through Sunday Schools.

Principles and ordinances of the Gospel.

Church History and Doctrine.

3. Through Y. M. M. I. A.

Proper application of Gospel principles to personal habits and conduct:

- Promoting physical welfare and moral standards.
- Mental and character development.
- Social relationships.
- Vocational guidance and civic responsibility.
- Recreation and culture.
- Leisure time guidance.

4. Through Department of Education.

Week-day Bible, Church history and Gospel study and Church activity.

Leadership—

1. The Ward Bishopric.

Note: Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 107, ver. 15—"The Bishopric is the Presidency of this Priesthood and holds the keys or authority of the same."

2. The Best Latter-day Saint "Boy Men" in the Ward.

Priesthood Supervisors.
Sunday School Teachers.
Y. M. M. I. A. Leaders.

Note: These men should be selected with the greatest care, and assigned to duties of leadership because of their special ability, and aptitude for the

work. As nearly as possible they should be relieved of other duties in the ward, thereby giving them every opportunity to become well-prepared, influential leaders. The selection and acceptance of this duty should be made with the definite understanding of permanency. In some instances, where opportunity and the time of the leader will permit, the same men may lead in two agencies. In all they will fully cooperate.

Correlation and Cooperation—

All leaders, including a member of the ward superintendency of the Sunday School and ward presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A. should meet with the bishopric once a month to correlate the programs and cooperate in the welfare of the young men.

A member of the bishopric and representatives of these organizations, with other men specially interested, may act as a Ward Troop Committee in scouting.

The order of business of this monthly meeting should include reports from Priesthood supervisors, Sunday School teachers, M Men, Vanguard and Scout leaders.

Individual case work should be conducted until every boy in the ward obtains the full benefit of participation in the above-named agencies.

Attendance at the seminars and membership in the Junior Genealogical Society should be encouraged.

The leaders of Deacons' Quorums and of Scouting should cooperate with the Primary Association in preparing Trail Builder boys for advancement.

Immediate Project—

A complete membership survey to ascertain the number of young men, members of the Church, between the ages of 12 and 20 residing in the ward, and how many are identified with these agencies.

ORGANIZATION PERSONNEL

Church Wide—

Presiding Bishopric.

General Superintendency of Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A.

Department of Education.

Stake —

1. Member of the Stake Presidency as Chairman.

2. Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee.

3. Members of the High Council assigned to Sunday Schools and Y. M. M. I. A.

4. Member of the Stake Superintendency of Sunday School and of Y. M. M. I. A.

5. Stake Board members of Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A. supervising young men, 12—20.

6. Representative of Stake Board of Education.

7. Stake Clerk as Secretary.

Ward—

1. Bishopric.

2. Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors.

3. Member Sunday School Superintendency.

4. Member of Y. M. M. I. A. Presidency.

5. Sunday School Teachers and Y. M. M. I. A. leaders who instruct and supervise young men, 12—20.

6. Representative of Ward Board of Education.

7. Ward Clerk as Secretary.

MEETINGS—ORDER OF BUSINESS

General—Once a Month—

Correlation of General Instructions and Program.

Stake—Once a Month—

1. Prayer.

2. Minutes and Roll Call.

3. Unfinished Business.

4. Consideration of Ward Surveys and reports.

5. Correlation of programs.

6. Special Projects recommended by the Presiding Bishopric, General Boards of Sunday School, Y. M. M. I. A. and Dept. of Education.

7. Cooperation on supervision and leadership training.

8. Special Stake instructions.

9. Benediction.

Ward—Once a Month—

1. Prayer.

2. Minutes—Roll Call.

3. Unfinished Business.

4. Enrollment and Attendance—Survey reports.

(a) Deacons, Teachers and Priests' Quorums.

(b) Sunday School.

(c) Y. M. M. I. A.

(Ways and Means of securing maximum enrollment and attendance in all groups).

5. Correlation of programs affecting the 12—20 year old boy.

6. Activities.

7. Projects. (a) Ward. (b) Stake.

(c) Church-wide.

8. Leadership Training and Supervision.

9. Reports to stake.

10. Special instructions.

11. Benediction.

Who Can It Be?

By Mary C. Shaw

I WONDER who sent me
This fine valentine
With lace on its edges,
And roses that twine?

There's a heart big and red
With arrows stuck through;
It reads right beneath it,
"My sweet, I love you!"

Era Directors Go Forward



Anna G. Palmer
Franklin Stake



Robert E. Despain
Big Horn Stake



Margaret J. James
Lyman Stake



Guy R. Hurst
San Juan Stake



Ernest S. Potter
Franklin Stake

HONOR COLUMN 100% Stakes

Moapa	160%
Curlew	134%
Kanab	119%
Lyman	116%
Maricopa	113%
Taylor	113%
San Francisco	111%
Alberta	107%
Cache	107%
Franklin	107%
Zion Park	101%
South Sanpete	100%
Union	100%
Pocatello	100%
San Juan	100%
Bear Lake	100%
Logan	100%
Oneida	100%
Big Horn	100%

Many of the wards throughout the Church have established for themselves a definite number of Improvement Era subscriptions to obtain each month, and are in that way marching right on through to 100% of their quotas.

"Each of our wards," reports Miss Minnie Knight, Director of Era and Publicity for the Young Ladies of Granite Stake, "resolved, yesterday, at our Union Meeting, to obtain ten subscriptions each month until its quota has been obtained. Card files have also been adopted by each ward. This will enable the Directors of each ward to have a complete, up-to-date list, not only of the families which have subscribed to the Era, but also the families that have not subscribed, as well. We feel sure that Granite Stake will, in the near future, find its place among the leading stakes of the Church."

During the past month Franklin, San Juan and Big Horn Stakes have gone Over the Top.

The following stakes have reported the largest number of subscriptions during the month: Franklin, 108; Ogden, 97; Liberty, 92; Grant, 89; California Mission, 80; St. Joseph, 69; Ensign, 62; Benson, 62; Logan, 50; Box Elder, 50;

and Cottonwood, 50 subscriptions. Other stakes have also sent in large lists.

Ensign Stake still leads in the total number of subscriptions, having reported 662; Liberty Stake is running close behind with 612; Ogden is third with 565. Twenty-four stakes have now gone above the three hundred mark.

One hundred and ten wards have gone over the top since our last report. They are listed in the order of reaching their quotas as follows: Cardston 1st and 2nd of Alberta Stake; Magrath and Welling Wards of Taylor; Pleasant Grove 2nd and Manila Wards of Timpanogos; Otto of Big Horn; Whitney of Franklin; Imbler, Union; Manti North and Center Wards of South Sanpete; Fresno Branch, California Mission; Seattle Branch, North Western States Mission; Torrence Ward, Los Angeles; Leland, Palmyra; Balboa, San Francisco; Beaver ward, Bear River Stake; American Fork 2nd, Alpine; Dingle Ward, Montpelier; 13th Ward, Ogden; 6th, Pocatello; 5th, Utah; Clinton, Weber; Parker, Yellowstone; 6th, Logan; Ruth, Nevada; Jensen, Uintah; Gilbert, Maricopa; Perry, Box Elder; 1st Ward, Pocatello; Richville, Morgan; 3rd, Pocatello; Pima, St. Joseph; Lund, Idaho; Heber 1st, Wasatch; Logan 3rd, Cache; Wellsville, Hyrum; Thistle Branch, Kolob; Blanding, San Juan; Newdale, Fremont; Riverdale and Oxford, Oneida; Richfield 4th, Sevier; Sutherland, Deseret; 2nd, Montpelier; Hillard, Woodruff; Chester, Yellowstone; Sugarville, Deseret; Lovell West, Big Horn; Billburne, Lyman; Lund, Nevada; Brighton, Pioneer; Sunnyside, Carbon; Mapleton and Preston 6th, Franklin; Baker, Union; Harrisville, No. Weber; Mt. Trumbull, St. George; Vernon, St. Johns; Fallon Nevada Branch, Calif. Mission; Brooklyn Branch, Eastern States Mission; Burbank Ward, Hollywood; Tropic, Panguitch; Monticello, San Juan; Vancouver Branch, North Western States Mission; Gordon Branch, Carbon; 4th Ward, Ogden; Emigration, Liberty, Winnemucca, Calif. Mission; Martinez, San Francisco; Summit, Parowan; Pleasant View, Ogden, Salem, Palmyra; Tridell, Uintah; Claresholm, Lethbridge; Malta, Raft River; Preston 2nd, Franklin; Honeyville, Box Elder; Byron, Big Horn; 18th, Ensign; Independence, Fremont, Logan 12th, Logan; Slaterville, No. Weber; West Weber Ward, North

Weber Stake; Twin Groves, Yellowstone; Bountiful 1st, So. Davis; 3rd Pocatello; Holbrook, Curlew; Weston, Franklin; Wellsville 2nd, Hyrum; College, Logan; Midway 2nd, Wasatch; 3rd, Hyrum; Mt. View, Lyman; Milton, Morgan; South Ward, St. George; Fairview, Star Valley; Grant, Rigby; Richville, Teton; 27th, Ensign; Dayton, Oneida; Brigham 4th, Box Elder; Lewiston 2nd and Richmond North, Benson; 11th, Logan; La Grande 1st, Union; Manti South and Ephraim West, So. Sanpete; Logan 5th, Cache; Eagar, St. Johns; Solomonsville, St. Joseph; Spanish Fork 2nd, Palmyra; Boise 2nd and Clemons Ferry, Boise Stake.

The splendid work of the Improvement Era this year has been typified by a continuous advancement in each of the wards right on through to success, irrespective of a business depression. After the campaign has been finished, each Ward Director of Era and Publicity has continued quietly and consistently to go forward in the work of the Improvement Era.

LEADERS IN THE NUMBER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Ensign	662
Liberty	612
Ogden	565
Utah	495
Calif. Mission	462
Logan	458
Cache	456
Grant	454
Pocatello	446
Idaho Falls	397
Box Elder	395
Granite	392
St. Joseph	379
So. Davis	374
Mt. Ogden	364
Salt Lake	360
Franklin	356
Benson	339
Moapa	334
No. Weber	330
Fremont	325
Alberta	314
East Jordan	304
Oneida	302



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:

ELSIE HOGAN

Half-Hour Activity Programs for April and May

THE Ward and Stake Honor Days, to be held respectively on April 12th and 19th, form a climax to the activity program as outlined in the Manual but they do not in any sense conclude the work. The weeks following, one in April and four in May, are vital to the rounding out of the year's program and can be made some of the pleasantest of the season.

The following recommendations are offered for these five activity programs.

1. A continuation of the subjects treated in the Activity Manual. Many wards will not have been able fully to cover all they have desired in Music or Drama or Dancing or Speech or Story, and will welcome the extra time available during the last few weeks.

2. A five-weeks' program based on the life of George Washington.

These will be outlined fully in the March Era.

3. Programs prepared by the departments, these to be presented in turn. Last year some excellent ones were worked out through the initiative of the various groups. If this plan is followed, it is recommended that at least one be on George Washington.

4. A group of miscellaneous programs.

(1) A Program on Washington. (See March Era.)

(2) A Road Show Act.

A clever little act, presented by the 21st Ward of Ensign Stake at their annual Road Show, may be obtained from the General Office of Y. L. M. I. A. Please send self-addressed, stamped envelope.

(3) Vacations—talks and picturizations: songs and games. See Y. L. M. I. A. Summer Camp Bulletin: price 25c.

(4) Fathers and Sons' Outing—Mothers and Daughters' Day. Plans for summer.

(5) A One-Act Play. See Community Activity Manual.

Note: See March Era for further suggestions.

Ensign Stake M. I. A.

The following is a sample of the monthly bulletins distributed by the Ensign Stake Board to all ward officers:

CALENDAR

Dec. 29, 1931—Gold and Green Ball—Coconut Grove, 44 So. Main St.—8:30 p. m.

Jan. 3, 1932—Conjoint Program—See December Era, page 104.

January 3, 1932—Scout Court of Honor—University Ward—6:30 p. m.

January 10, 1932—Union Meeting—University Ward—2:30 p. m.

PRESIDENTS' DEPARTMENT

All executives are urged to assist their class leaders in every department for increased membership. Members of every class should be missionaries, and make an effort to bring to M. I. A., a friend or neighbor who has not been interested in our great Mutual organization.

SECRETARIES' DEPARTMENT

Reports of Accomplishment are due on the last Tuesday of each month. Should illness or any other reason cause a delay, do not fail to get in touch with the Stake Secretary at once, so that the person making out the report in your place may receive help, and the report be completed in the shortest possible time thereafter. Secretaries are requested to attend Union Meetings. They are considered as members of the Ward Presidency, and should always be in attendance.

Young Ladies' Secretaries: The Annual Fund of 25c for each enrolled member, according to the November Report of Accomplishments, should now be forwarded to the Stake Secretary, who will in turn forward it to the General Board.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT

For Christmas Cheer Week, the Ensign Stake M. I. A. will furnish

four Road Show Acts, on Saturday, December 26, at 8 p. m., and also two contest plays, "In Secret Places" and "In the Making", on New Year's Eve, Thursday, December 31, at 8 p. m. These events will take place in the South Junior High School Auditorium.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Sister Medora Bengie will talk to music workers in our January Union Meeting. Every Union Meeting through this season has been planned so as to be so helpful that no music director can afford to miss one. It is the desire of the Stake Music Committee to have both a Young Ladies' and a Young Men's director to work in cooperation with each other. Your organization is incomplete if it does not include two directors.

ADULT DEPARTMENT

The Salt Lake County and Davis County stakes have decided to adopt a project for this year entitled, "Improvement of Health Conditions in the Public Schools." It is proposed to discuss this project upon project nights throughout the year. A committee representing the project workers in the stakes concerned is at work obtaining information and preparing suggestions which will be passed on to ward leaders. The committee suggests that a book called "White House Conference, 1930, on Child Health and Protection" should be secured and used as a project manual. It may be obtained at The Desert Book Store for 50c. They particularly suggest that pages 167-190 be consulted.

M MEN DEPARTMENT

Basketball at the Desert Gymnasium, 6:15 and 7:15 p. m., every Wednesday. All applications for exceptions to Basketball eligibility rules must be made out, properly signed and delivered at once to the Interstate Executive Committee.

GLANER DEPARTMENT

A successful Project Night depends upon definite assignments. Material

for these lessons must come from girls' own Treasures of Truth books. Have girls bring stories written up, and read them in class. This night calls especially for good leadership.

Attention Gleaner Teachers ! ! ! Arrangements are being made to have all Gleaner Girls sing "Carry On" at the Gold and Green Ball. Please ask all Gleaners to meet at the *Southeast corner of the Main Ballroom*, near the band-stand. **Teachers ! ! !** Each Tuesday from now on, please repeat the words, and then sing "Carry On", to open your classes, so that each girl will know the words, and we can put them over. The orchestra will accompany them. It will be a thrilling sight to see all these lovely girls gathered to sing.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

"A thousand words leave not the same deep print as does a single deed"—Ibsen. Contact every girl of Junior age in your ward, and have them enrolled in your class before the New Year.

VANGUARD DEPARTMENT

We wish to announce that Brother Ray Lundquist has recently been appointed Stake Supervisor. Any ward needing assistance will please call Brother Lundquist at Wasatch 1424, any afternoon or evening.

SCOUT DEPARTMENT

Minimum age for Scout Masters is 21 years. The appointment of Acting Scout Masters under this age should be discouraged.

Scout Court of Honor—January 3rd—University Ward—6:30 p. m.

Note—Mutual Officers—Scouts reaching 15 years of age may enter the Vanguards troop if they so desire, but should not be forced or even urged to do so.

M. I. A. Work in the California Mission

WITH ten organizations in the state of Arizona, six in the state of Nevada, and thirty-five distributed almost evenly along the coast and inland routes from San Diego to Susanville, California, the problem of directing the M. I. A. program in the California Mission presents a few problems not ordinarily met with in the various stake organizations.

A few of these executive and administrative problems must take into account that branches range in population from less than fifty to over four hundred members and are located from fifteen to eight hundred forty-six miles away from the Los Angeles office from which this work is di-

rected. However, an interesting solution to this problem has so far proved to be a most efficient one.

Inasmuch as only two annual conventions are held in each branch in the mission, we felt that in order to give useful instruction to the individual branches, we would ask the Directors of Era and Publicity to write us informal letters each month telling of the achievements and problems of their organizations. After reading these letters we try to assist them with their problems by publishing our answers in a paper that we have named the "California Mission Mutual Messages". We get a great deal of joy mimeographing and publishing this "biggest little paper of the Great Southwest" and the subscription list is growing every year. The following copy of the December issue will give an idea of what it is:

Project 1.
Census and personal calls.
Y. 'M. M. I. A.

If the names of all male members 12 years of age and above are card indexed or listed in a note book and at least one visit made to each one not attending the M. I. A. and an invitation extended to them to attend you may credit yourselves with 10 points.

Y. L. 'M. I. A.
Girls from 12 to 14 years of age are to be encouraged to attend Primary. If they are not enrolled in Primary, they should be invited to attend Mutual. Adequate and interesting provisions made for them through the Nymphs' program.

Project 2.
"Improvement Era" Follow-Up Campaign.

The number of subscriptions reported by the branches is very satisfactory, but it is evident that there are many homes where there should be copies of this magazine available. Possibly you could secure those subscriptions now. Credit will be awarded on the following basis:

10 points for a branch with a population of 75 members or less securing two or more subscriptions in the Follow-Up Campaign.

10 points for a branch with a population of 75-150 members securing three or more subscriptions.

Branch Population 150-250, four or more new subscriptions.

Branch Population 250 and above, five or more new subscriptions.

20 points for each branch reporting the Era in every L. D. S. home.

Project 3.
Christmas Ball.

If the M. I. A. conducts the Christmas Ball you may credit yourselves with 5 points. The Activity Manual (pp. 383-388) contains helpful suggestions.

Project 4.
Christmas Caroling.

You will be credited with 5 points if you send out Christmas carolers. The songs you already know, are, after all, the best for this purpose. "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains" and "Silent Night" will never lose their appeal. If your groups are fortunate enough to receive donations, you might use the money to secure subscriptions to the Era for those who are unable to afford it.

Project 5.
Reading Course.
One point will be allowed for each 1931-32 Reading Course Book that has been read by members of your branch. Credit will not be given if the books are read aloud as part of the regular Mutual program.

Project 6.
Class Projects.
If the director of Era and Publicity will write a brief but comprehensive statement of the accomplishments of each department in the project outlined for that class, five points will be awarded for each class that can show some definite steps taken in this activity.

Project 7.
Half-Hour Activity Program.

You will win five points if 100% of the number attending the regular association meeting are participating in the Half-Hour Activity Program. Report to begin with the month of December.

You will win five points if at least two activity classes have finished the courses outlined in the Activity Manual by December 31st.

Project 8.
Gold and Green Ball.

Ten points will be given if the Gold and Green Ball is conducted during January on either a branch or district basis if you conform with the following standards:

1. Hall to be attractively decorated in M. I. A. colors so that those colors will endear to the hearts of all their significant meaning.

2. Patron, hosts and hostesses, and reception committee to be provided and shown due respect. Patrons—Branch Presidency and wives, hosts and hostesses—M. I. A. Superintendents, Presidents and partners.

3. Demonstration of 1931-32 contest dance, "Senorita Mia".

4. Light refreshments, programs and favors if possible.

5. Orchestra which will play dance music of a high standard.

Project 9.
Branch Papers.

Comparison of your branch paper with other papers published in the California Mission will help you to improve the standard of your paper. The customary 5 points will be awarded if you send 15 copies to the mission superintendent M. I. A., 153 West Adams St., Los Angeles, by January 15th, 1932. A copy of each branch paper will be sent to each M. I. A. in the mission publishing a paper, also



copies will be sent to the General Boards of the M. I. A. at Salt Lake City and two will be kept on file at the mission offices.

Project 10.
Reports.

One point will be given again this month for every report received at the Los Angeles office on time.

Blanks for reports are sent out with the above and statistics showing the comparative standing of all branches gathered and tabulated.

George Washington Bicentennial Celebration Special Sunday Evening Service

(Joint Session first Sunday in March)

AS noted in the *Era* for January, the M. I. A. is to sponsor seven events as a part of the George Washington bi-centennial celebration. The first one (a George Washington Birthday party) was described in the *Era* last month. The second—a Sunday Evening Service—is herein outlined. The bi-centennial commission at Washington, D. C., has been provided with the names and addresses of Stake Superintendents of Y. M. M. I. A. who will be furnished with the literature necessary for carrying out the program. Ward workers will be supplied by their stake officers.

Colonial and patriotic music should be featured such as "America", "The Star Spangled Banner", "America the Beautiful".

I. Washington as a religious man. (See Washington as a Religious Man, pamphlet No. 5 issued by George Washington Bicentennial Commission, Washington, D. C. See also "George Washington the Christian").

(a) In his recognition of God's help as made manifest in the success of the colonial armies.

(b) In his attitude toward God as expressed in his own personal life.

(c) In his reverence toward God, as manifested in his orders and his addresses to the army and congress.

II. The founding of the Nation a Divine Manifestation. (See Book of Mormon, I Nephi 13:10 to 20, 30, 31; II Nephi 1:5 to 12. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 101:77, 80. Sec. 109:54).

(a) In the discovery of America.

(b) In the Declaration of Independence.

(c) In the Constitution of the United States.

The two topics can be given by two speakers, a man and a lady, or each division of the topic assigned to individual speakers.

"America" could be sung for the closing song, the last verse being sung reverently as a special concert benediction.

Community Activity

Annual Ensign Stake Gold and Green Ball

THE plan of Ensign Stake was an experiment which gave the various wards opportunity to finance the Ball as they chose. It is presented here with the thought of its helpfulness to other stakes:

The following plan, endorsed and approved by the M. I. A. Stake officers, is submitted for your careful consideration:

We will supply your Ward with 300 tickets, valued at \$150.00, and a generous supply of dignified advertising. We ask in return for this \$20.00 only. Everything in excess is for your ward, to be used as your Bishop and Committee may direct.

The dance may or may not be given with a view of making money, depending upon the plan you select as best suited for your ward. The prevailing motive back of the plan, however, should guarantee in some form ways and means for placing in the hands of every ward member desiring same a ticket to the Gold and Green Ball. Ensign Stake is ten thousand strong, and we are bidding for mass participation on a floor that will comfortably accommodate four thousand people. The plan must encourage ward attendance in a body.

Now, regarding the \$20.00. Some wards may plan to sell every ticket and apply a possible \$130.00 profit to ward sundries. Other Bishops, together with all ward officers and teachers, may decide that it is an ideal

time to treat ward members to a "Happy New Year Gold and Green Outing". For a small sum each, they could raise \$20.00 and give three hundred tickets to ward members free.

Perhaps one well-to-do man in your ward would welcome the opportunity of buying the outing. It's a rare chance for the Bishopric to invite the ward as their guests; or a good opportunity for one organization to invite all others. There are so many ways for profit and gain that we hesitate to suggest further realizing that *your plan* is perhaps *best of all*, but as a parting reminder, may we suggest how simple it would be for a ward to take the three hundred tickets and wrap them in twenty separate packages containing fifteen tickets to a bundle, and sell them for \$1.00 a bundle—not releasing the tickets, however, until the entire twenty bundles were signed for and paid for at \$1.00 per bundle. Or if you would prefer to raise \$25.00, divide the 300 tickets into fifty bundles containing six tickets to a bundle and sell them in a like manner to fifty customers for fifty cents a bundle; not releasing any bundle until the entire fifty were signed for and paid for in full. What an opportunity for such a buyer to organize and invite his own select group of friends—and as a result perhaps enroll some new members in the M. I. A.

May we suggest that we go in for volume and get it—enlist fifty couples who will personally pledge themselves to be present and act as patrons from your ward. Each officer will willingly see five. Contacting a large group



M. I. A. Mixed Chorus, Utah Stake

of this character is good advertising and should insure success. Talk the dance with enthusiasm. Hundreds are anxiously awaiting it. The crowd will 'be large; the evening one of solid enjoyment. May our wards go forward en-masse with strength and power to

"Make Ensign Lead".

Note: This plan will be uniform, except in the case of the largest and smallest wards, to whom tickets will be supplied as follows:

Eighteenth Ward—375 tickets for \$25.00.

University Ward—225 tickets for \$15.00.

Report of M. I. A. in Utah Stake

I AM sending you, under separate cover, a photograph. Last Sunday, in our Sunday night quarterly conference, the Utah Stake M. I. A. officers were in charge. We had an unusually fine program. Two hundred nine young people from every ward in the stake were gathered together into one big chorus group. These young people attend Junior and Senior high school and in the music classes they were taught the songs they sang at our conference. Inasmuch as these people are Vanguards, Junior girls, younger M Men, and younger Gleaner Girls, we claim them as our M. I. A. chorus. They sang about eight excellent numbers and the feature song was "The Challenge" written by J. Spencer Cornwall.

People were thrilled by the work of this chorus. The Junior girls and the Vanguards gave speaking parts on the program which were very interesting. We thought that the nature of the chorus and the type of work which was done, was such as to merit a picture; consequently a picture was taken of the chorus which, by the way, was under the direction of Professor Ernest Paxman of the music department of the Provo high school. The lower part of the picture is of the M. I. A. officials; the upper part of the picture consists of the chorus.

Our M Men are unusually active this year. In Basketball it is planned to make this Basketball classic one to be remembered. Our stake M Men officials have asked for the support of the Bishops and the Relief Societies of the stake to help them get a crowd because all of the money will go for the benefit of the unemployed. We are going to have some real M Men advertising out of it. All seem to be enjoying the work.

In the Era drive and Fund drive everybody is working. I do hope we can make a 100% for both. If work will do it, that will happen.

—Thos. L. Martin, Stake Supt.

M Men-Gleaners

FOR the first Tuesday in the month of February the suggestive program is "Etiquette of the Flag." (See *M Men Manual*, p. 141; *Gleaner Manual*, p. 25.) Reference given is *The Right Thing at all Times*, pp. 93-96. For this evening you may have a debate or you may enjoy a patriotic program. The topic for debate is "Resolved that the American people of the colonial period observed the general courtesies better than modern Americans." Refer to the M Men-Gleaner Department in the December Era, p. 107, for help on the debate.

If you prefer to give a patriotic program in place of the debate, the month of February suggests a historical program, including the story of the flag, patriotic incidents, courtesy to people of all nations, together with patriotic songs, "America, The Beautiful," etc. History in connection with the writing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the respect due the National Anthem would be of interest. This can be found in *The Bee-Keeper's Book*, p. 174; *Boy Scout Handbook*, p. 61. The History of the United States' Flag is given in the *Boy Scout Handbook*, pp. 49-56; *Bee-Keeper's Book*, p. 174. See *Boy Scout Handbook*, pp. 57-67, and *Bee-Keeper's Book*, pp. 51, 165-167 for "Respect due the Flag."

The Flag

Here's to the Red of it—

There's not a thread of it.
No, nor a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head
But heroes bled for it.
Faced steel and lead for it.
Precious blood shed for it.
Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it—

Thrilled by the sight of it.

A Task

By L. H. Welker

IF to me a task is given
And I say, "Sometime I'll do it,"
Then neglect it
And reject it,

Hour by hour it bigger grows,
Like an ugly nightmare shows.

If to me a task is given
And I start right in to do it,
Wade right through it
And subdue it,

Hour by hour it smaller grows,
Till my heart with victory glows.

Life gives to me a task each morn
And each day I have to face it.

Will I meet it
And defeat it?
Could I but this lesson learn,
Soul's satisfaction I would earn.

Who knows the right of it
But feels the might of it
Through day and night;
Womanhood's care for it,
Made manhood dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
Kept it so 'White.

Here's to the Blue of it—

Heavenly view of it,
Star-spangled blue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
Constant and true;
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes, and pole of it—
Here's to the soul of it,
Red, White and Blue.

For the month of March the joint program is "Table and Dinner Etiquette." (See *M Men Manual*, p. 141; *Gleaner Manual*, p. 25.) Reference given is *The Right Thing at all Times*, pp. 148-155; 158-161. Demonstrations of setting table for various functions—use of silver, etc., seating and serving, will be interesting and helpful.

Adah R. Naylor, in her article "Laying the Foundation for Good Manners," given in the November Era, p. 36, says: "It is said that animals feed—uncivilized people eat—persons of refinement and culture dine. Be that as it may, all of us consume food daily, and the manner in which we do it adds to, or detracts from the physical pleasure to be derived from eating. Much of our social life centers around the 'festive board' and a knowledge of correct table manners gives us an ease and a poise that adds much to our pleasure. Then, too, our table etiquette is usually regarded by strangers as an index of our breeding, so I should say that knowing how to eat nicely is of great importance." Again she says: "A beautiful custom connected with family meals is the saying of grace. Isn't it Robert Louis Stevenson who says, 'Nothing quiets a man like saying a prayer?' The quiet pause, the feeling of thankfulness, puts all in a mood to enjoy and digest the food." "Eat at your own table as you would at the table of a king."—Confucius.

We again call attention to the little playlet, "The Right Thing at the Right Time," which can be obtained at the General Board Office upon request, without charge. This playlet is very appropriate for presentation at the March M Men-Gleaner Joint Program. "Table and Dinner Etiquette." The cast for the playlet should be selected in sufficient time and everything in readiness for the program for the first Tuesday in March. Please send self-addressed, stamped envelope.

M Men



Missionary Basketball Team, Hawaii

THE L. D. S. Missionary Basketball Team of Honolulu, T. H., although playing with only one reserve man in the Senior A. A. U. League of Honolulu, was the only team to receive an award, a Koa wood Sportsmanship Shield. By many the team was called the wonder team of the league. Despite the handicap and playing against such teams as the University of Hawaii, McKinley High School, the 'Y. M. C. A., leading Japanese and Chinese teams, the L. D. S. boys, or "Mormon" Team, as it was called, carried off most of the honors. Their power of endurance through clean living preached many a sermon. The first and second high point men were of this aggregation, the first, Elder Harry V. Brooks, making a total equal to twice that made by any other player of the league. W. A. Kowallis placed second. Their sportsmanship was the talk of Honolulu during and long after the end of the season. While there were no more than six players in the squad at any one time because of releases from mission service, there were nine men who actually played with the team during the season. They were as follows: W. A. Kowallis, H. B. Nielsen, H. B. Brooks, E. C. Kimball, S. E. Jacobsen, Ray Gammon, Lawrence Ward, A. D. Peterson, and C. Keola Murphy. L. O. Nelson acted as manager. The photo is that of the original six (the first named).

Introducing a Friend

By AN M MAN

EVERYTHING through which I have passed in experience has made a definite part of me. I am the product of my various experiences, and much that I am is a result of the influence of those whom I have learned to call, "Friend." Each par-

son who can offer something in the form of inspiration. Truly the most that even a friend can give to me is inspiration and encouragement; I personally must do the actual doing. So give me friends who cheer and support me rather than discourage and depress me!

I have found one who is particularly well qualified to fill this capacity of friend, one whose world-wide experience and deep understanding can assist me greatly in solving those many little problems I meet every day. This friend of mine can give me very sound advice and helpful counsel; his life has been broad and his contacts have been many. Indeed, I may say that he is a group of friends in one, for he draws from the lives of millions to make up the fulness of his own. This friend of mine can give me a finer appreciation of beauty and can show me how to find it always, even in the midst of that which I might call commonplace. He can point out the way to the more abundant life. He has nothing to offer me which is not for my good, for my highest and most lasting good. He encourages me to become a more worthy friend. He is building that better Me.

Since I have found so much of good in him, I commend to you my friend, *The Improvement Era*. —Idaho Falls Stake.

My Life Code

PLAIN food for the stomach, vigorous exercise for the muscles, pure air for the lungs, sound sleep for the nerves, good cheer for the liver, great thoughts for the head, holy aspirations for the heart, kind deeds for neighbors, and pure love for God—these things make life worth living and heaven sure of winning.

—Nephi Jensen



Hollywood Stake Basketball Team

Gleaner Girls



An enthusiastic group of Gleaner girls, Phoenix First Ward. These girls have adopted the slogan 100% participation in gleaning Treasures of Truth.

Project

THE project plan this year calls for not only "Treasures of Truth" books to be prepared by the Gleaner girls and by the class leaders, but also for ward, stake and Church "Treasures of Truth" books. The ward book should contain contributions from each member of the Gleaner group; the stake book should have selections from the ward books; and the book to be compiled in the General Board Office will be made up of contributions from the stake books. We would appreciate it if ward Gleaner leaders would commence compiling the contributions from the girls' books, so that by May first these ward contributions may be compiled by the stake Gleaner leaders, ready for mailing to the General Board Office not later than May twentieth.

Special Days

FOR the month of February the project night will be devoted to the "red letter days" in your lives, "special days you like to remember." (See *Gleaner Manual*, p. 18.) They may be days of mirth and play, days aglow with adventure, or days which have touched your inner spiritual nature and uplifted your soul. You are recording them in your treasure books so that their joy and beauty may not be dimmed by the hazy fog of memory which deepens with the years.

Life is made up of days, a new one every morning—some days that repeat themselves like the chords of an accompaniment—some that form the motif of the melody of life. To catch the melody, that its throbbing

joy may be preserved, is your task.

Write of the day in grade school, in high school, in college that holds special meaning for you. Keep in mind that it is the personal element which gives life and interest to this portion of your "Treasures." Your day of baptism, your eighteenth or twenty-first birthday, your graduation day, armistice day, the 100th birthday of the Church, are but suggestions which may bring to your mind days of special significance to you, which should find a place among your "Treasures of Truth."

We give below two "special days."

My Registration at College

AT last I am a full-fledged college student, and what a day! I went up to the University a pretty important high school graduate, full of pride, poise and learning; but I came away a very much disillusioned person, a freshman of the rank and file.

First of all I thought the college faculty would be pleased that I had elected to draw my learning at that particular source, and that their pleasure would be manifest in some sort of welcome. Such, however, did not appear to be the case, and my reception took the form of a thousand fellow beginners, all equally as confused as I, pushing up to offices, waiting for lines to melt away which led to O. K.'s, approvals, permissions, rejections, credit analyses, consultations and the like. The longest, and slowest-moving line, I almost ever saw in my life. It led to the treasurer's office, where my real fitness to absorb a college education was weighed in the balance, and where for some reason, I got the idea that learning is still somewhat of a luxury.

After finishing one line, and before starting another, I invariably found a friend to talk to. That helped out a lot as far as the day was concerned, but just how much it aided my own mental processes I am not saying, for friends who are always full of advice rather outdo themselves on such occasions. From one I would learn that I should by all means take Economics, and then another would decry the idea with horror. One had just heard that Professor Blank was a marvelous teacher, but another had been told by some one who really knew, that he was quite terrible.

For these reasons, and the fact that the institution itself has some very definite ideas on the matter of curricula of study, my course suffered frequent changes of both major and minor significance. I also found that there are traditions to be observed, atmosphere to be absorbed, and a great deal to be learned outside the class room.

The excitement, the worry, the confusion and the discovery of my own insignificance had all served to reduce my spirits to a new low, and I might easily have expired on the spot but for one thing. I realized that I didn't really have all the burdens of the world upon my own shoulders for there were about a thousand others there present to help me bear them. They have been borne before by other freshman classes, and I rather guess history will repeat itself.

A Real "Thrill"

IT was on the train, speeding across the miles from Canada to Utah, that, as people do on trips, I picked out a few interesting-looking fellow-travelers, and set about to become acquainted with them. Especially did I enjoy a young woman who was on her way to school in California, for it was not long until we had discovered that our interests were similar, and many pleasant hours did we spend



Gleaner Class organized in Wilmington, Delaware. Only one of these girls belongs to the Church, the others have been drawn together through their interest in girls' group activities.

discussing life, literature and the pursuit of happiness. Occasionally she would disappear for a few moments and the aroma she brought back with her spelled cigarettes. At meals, which we took together, she added a few drops from a flask to her beverage, and several times she deserted me to join others in a game of bridge.

On the second day we had become good friends, and in token of her pleasure she offered me cigarettes, liquor, and an invitation to play bridge. Quietly I refused; again she offered. Upon the second refusal, followed by the third and fourth, a queer expression came into her face. Finally she could hold her peace no longer.

"You don't seem like a prude in other ways. Haven't you ever had a thrill? Life must be unbearable to anyone who refuses everything interesting."

And into my memory came a thrill I had had; so I told her about it:

It was on the prairie, in Canada. The snow was deep—roads were obliterated and communication with even the nearest neighbors impossible. Warm and cozy inside the house we had no thought of danger through our isolation, but in the middle of the night I was awakened by the ominous sound which tells of croup. Our baby twins, both of them, were gasping and wheezing in a way which struck terror to my heart. Far from a doctor; snowed in completely, and no fires or steam possible within at least an hour, we were helpless so far as earthly assistance went. But we had other help at our call. Holding the authority to pronounce a blessing, my husband, taking the consecrated oil, administered in the name of the Lord to the suffering, choking babies; and his prayer was heard. Long before the fire was hot or the steam kettle even warm, the little twins were breathing naturally and were fast asleep.

My new friend listened in silence. "Yours was the real thrill," she said.

Course of Study

FOR the month of February, discussions eleven and twelve of the History of the Church, Chapters 27 to 31 inclusive, pp. 171-199 of the *Gleaner Manual*, will be given. We suggest the following references:

The outstanding figure in this part of the history of the Church is President Brigham Young. A sketch of his life is given in *Our Church and People*, pp. 226-238; death of President Brigham Young, *The Heart of Mormonism*, pp. 435-438; *Essentials in Church History*, pp. 563-564.

Junior Girls

Project Lesson

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD
(Feb. 2nd)

IT would be well to assign all project lessons some two weeks before the evening of presentation. If possible a brief outline should be given for the benefit of those who do not have access to the manual. References might be given and several girls appointed to study them so as to be able to give a five minutes' talk on same. The teacher should encourage very free discussion on the subject. She should explain all necessary steps to be taken in regard to attending to these ordinances in the temples. By participating in this splendid activity the hearts of the girls will be made glad and thankful and their testimonies of the gospel more firmly established.

Junior Costume Party

IT was Project Tuesday for the Junior Girls in the Thirty-third Ward of Liberty Stake. Teachers and girls were enthusiastic over a party they had planned and called, "Lands Our Parents came From."

Each girl and teacher came to the ward dressed in a costume representing the lands their parents came from. It was very interesting to note that the greater number of these were from three countries: Denmark, Scotland and England.

They wore their mothers' and grandmothers' wedding dresses, shawls and beads. They also carried fans and purses their parents or grandparents had used. In addition they brought relics which had belonged to their parents or grandparents. One girl brought a pair of wooden shoes made by her great-great-grandfather

in Denmark. These shoes were worn by her great-grandmother, her grandmother and her mother. One girl wore a beautiful shawl which belonged to her grandmother in the old country.

In many European countries it was the custom for people to wear pretty aprons. Each lady possessed one for special occasions. Some of these aprons were very expensive. One member brought an apron her mother had worn. Then there were knitted school bags, baby jackets and hats displayed. Also many pictures of old school houses, churches, homes and scenery of old home town in Europe.

The party was opened with prayer after which some of the girls read stories they had written about the "Lands My Parents Came From". These were most interesting and inspiring.

From the enthusiasm of the girls I believe they will plan their lives in such a way that their stories will be even more interesting than those of their parents.

The Mutual Presidency, Bishopric and their mothers were guests of the evening. Refreshments were served and games played suitable for their party. One game which was called "America and Europe" created much merriment.

—Portia Austin
Stake Junior Leader.

The Spring Festival

We are pleased to learn that many stakes are already planning for a "Spring Festival." It is well to start early, have committees appointed and outlines made.

The committee recommends that our Festival be kept youthful, festive and inexpensive, avoiding formalities which should be left for later years.

The Junior Girl and the Program for 1931-32

NO program, however broad, will reach the heart of every girl in every detail, but a well-balanced program, such as the Junior one for this season, will have in it something to appeal to every girl. In the past four years, no program has given such a beautiful completeness, and furnished such great sources of interest for the girls as has the one for this year. In the study course—"Building a Life," in "Larry," the reading course book, and in the project—"My Story—Lest I Forget"—there is a feeling of correlation which is delightful. The problem facing the Junior leader is to present the subjects in such a way as



Junior Girls
33rd Ward, Liberty Stake

to bring about free and helpful discussion, to create interest in the project and to stimulate activity in the reading of "Larry".

To solve this problem, one needs enthusiasm, clear objectives, a thorough knowledge of the subject, a love for Junior girls and the work with them, never-ending patience and a prayerful heart.

Discussions on Building a Life are easy to guide, for the girls are so full of the subject that they respond readily and easily. It was the project which at first was difficult, being, as it was, new and strange. Keeping in mind the two-fold objectives of creating an appreciation of our heritage and inspiring the girls to live lives which would make their own stories lovely, I outlined my method of attack, and the first evening seemed to fire the girls with enthusiasm.

I gave a brief outline of the entire project, that the girls might see the thing completely from the beginning, and then presented to them the following thought-provoking questions:

Will I remember the experiences of my grandparents in their heroic struggles in helping to build this commonwealth?

Will I remember the sacrifices which my parents made that I might become what I am?

Will the stories my grandfather told to me be forever fresh in my mind?

Will I always remember the story of the romance of my Mother and Father; and the interesting history of the towns where they were born?

The answer to all these questions was "No—unless something is done to preserve the stories". What could be done? Writing them in the form of a story called "My Story—Lest I Forget".

We tried to impress the fact that in the future it would be a great source of joy and satisfaction to have recorded the story of babyhood, childhood and girlhood, with a few sketches of family, friends and the old home. How will this record be possible unless you begin?

I then gave a suggestive outline which the girls might follow, developing it in their own original way. We discussed the kind of dresses worn when the girls were infants, the lock of hair mother cut from baby heads and saved so carefully; the toys and gifts she has hoarded for us all the years. These of course cannot actually be included in the book, but descriptions and sketches can be drawn to make the book more interesting.

Some girls are ahead of the others, but we must always keep in mind the thought that "No success is attained by a leap and a bound, but by patient plodding and many resolves."

—Harriet F. Hagen,
Belvedere Ward, Grant Stake.

Bee-Hive Girls

Calendar

March 2

Nymphs—Guide XXI — Business in Hive and Home.

Builders—Guide XXI—Textiles.

Gatherers—Guide XXI—Taste the Sweetness of Service.

March 9

Nymphs—Guide XXII— Business in Hive and City.

Builders—Guide XXII—Mending.

Gatherers—Guide XXII— Service Cells.

March 16

Nymphs—Guide XXIII—Aids to Health.

Builders—Guide XXIII — Understand Beauty.

Gatherers — Guide XXIII — Nature's Phenomena.

March 23

Nymphs—Guide XXIV—Aids to Health in Hive and City.

Builders—Guide XXIV— Beauty in the Home.

Gatherers—Guide XXIV—Open.

March 30

Nymphs—Guide XXV—First Aid.

Builders—Optional.

Gatherers—Optional.

Helps and Suggestions

Textiles—See Bee-Keepers Book, pages 126 to 129. Make your assignments early enough so the girls can be well prepared with samples and information. Use a microscope (perhaps at your local high school), examine the textiles until you are sure you can identify the fibres before you try to instruct the girls; or invite the domestic arts instructor or some other competent person to give the demonstration.

Nitric acid is dangerous. If you make any tests with it, be extremely careful not to get it on your skin or clothing.

Play game 11. Thread the Needle, given in Nymphs Book.

Understand Beauty—See Young Women's Journal, 1919, page 669. In the Ladies Home Journal, December issue, is an article and illustrations entitled Glass Gardens. You may also make Chinese and Japanese gardens, which are very pretty. Would some of your girls be interested in making one of these?

Beauty in the Home — See Bee Keepers' Book, pages 69, 71 and 75.

Taste the Sweetness of Service—See The Instructor for October this year, page 615 (Walt Whitman); also Young Woman's Journal, 1920, page 90.

Nature's Phenomena — See Bee Keepers' Book, pages 131, 134, 135.

136, 138, 144 and 146. Get some scrap books of graduate Bee Hive Girls for suggestions as to what interests the girls, and types of material obtainable in your locality for scrap books.

Play game 7. Animal Team Race, or 37, Birds, in Nymph Book.

Optional Night—Spend the time filling cells, practicing Bee Hive songs, reviewing incomplete guides, doing service for others, or in some activities which the girls have requested but for which there has been insufficient time until now.

Swarm Day

IF your Swarm Day is to be held in the spring, it is time now to begin planning your program. Get out your notes on outstanding activities presented by the girls during this season, and substitute these for some of the events named in the suggestions given on pages 193 to 195 in Bee Keepers Book. Have the girls review them. Also make a list of the scrap books and articles of hand work which are commendable, so you can ask the girls individually for these items to be exhibited at the proper time.

Tests

Are your girls familiar with the test questions for your stake, and are they reviewing and preparing for this event in connection with graduation? Stake Bee Keepers, see Bee Keepers' Book, pp. 7 and 195.

Helpful Thoughts

"No man works harder against his own interests than the man who works for them exclusively."

"Character is * * * faith in great ideals and a steadfast and sacrificial devotion to those ideals."

"How many of us are there who find fault with others because they do things we do not want to do ourselves?"

"Who is there gifted with Divine wisdom sufficient, to pass judgment on anybody else?"

I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed

Just where one scarlet lily flamed
I saw His footprint in the sod.

—Bliss Carman.

"The footprints are there; the stroke and color of the Master Painter are there; the lines of the Great Designer are there; the beauty of the Infinite is there;—everywhere, all about us. Bliss Carman found these

lovely, inspiring, wholesome and charmingly simple things. I have found some of them. You may find them. Heaven is no larger than the range of your vision, no farther from you than the compass of your voice."

See your Era Director, and read page 3 of the Era Speedometer for December 10, 1931—"Don't Be Discouraged."

Report from Wayne Stake

Officers of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Wayne Stake feel much encouraged with the work that is being accomplished by the Bee-Hive girls.

Most of the ward associations are planning to have exhibits of fancy work and canned fruits and vegetables. On the 7th of November, the Bee Hive girls of the Torrey Ward gave an entertainment, and in connection with it displayed their fancy work and canned goods, the result of two month's work. Three prizes were awarded for the best units of work. A second year girl received the first prize, and two first year girls received the second and third prizes. During the short program which was carried out, a play, "The Spirit of the Hive", composed by the Torrey Bee Keeper was produced. At 7 o'clock P. M. a banquet was served to fourteen Bee-Hive girls, twelve mothers, four stake officers, and two Bee Keepers. The table was decorated in Bee-Hive colors, with flowers and hives containing real bees. Following the banquet a dance was enjoyed by members of the ward and stake. While the dance was in progress, the girls sold a quilt they had made, the money received from the sale being used to finish a room for them to hold their classes in.

The Bee-Hive workers of Wayne Stake send greeting to other workers throughout the Church and wish them success throughout the year.

—By Sylvia Coleman.
Stake Bee-Keeper.

Vanguards-Scouts



Troop 18, Ogdan Fourth Ward
Gateway Council

Patriotism and Fraternalism

By C. CLARENCE CLARKE
Scoutmaster, Troop 18

A HUMAN voice heard in the natural, the first time in months; the rustle of a few leaves and the occasional twitter of a bird; The Armistice.

Thousands of human energies fallen in line of duty. Sacrificing beyond realization to be forgotten? No; someone must carry on. Carry on the memory of those who gave their all in the cause of world Peace.

Monuments, memorials, statues and driveways all depict a sorrowing nation's gratitude to those still left and a memory of those less fortunate.

Ogdan began to Carry On this memory by the erection of a Gold Star Driveway, the first World War Memorial of its kind in Utah.

The entrance is made from 20th street and Madison Ave., where the form of two star flower beds show. Two bronze tablets have been placed there also bearing the names of the

fifty-two heroes who gave their all for the equality of right. These tablets are symbolically guarded by two field artillery pieces. Two iron flag-poles also grace the Drive.

Fitting and proper that individual monuments be placed on the "Drive-way", Norwegian Maple trees of lasting duration were planted to ever emulate the growing esteem held for those who fell in battle, with a small bronze tablet at the foot of the tree with the soldier's name which it stands for.

Troop 18, Ogdan Fourth Ward, Gateway Council, was given the honor of caring for the young trees, the flowerbeds and the driveway proper. Added laurels were also tendered the troop with the raising of the "Stars and Stripes" on each legal holiday.

Rain or shine, wind or snow, for eleven years, Troop 18 has fulfilled its pledge to our War Dead.



One of the Bronze tablets with
field piece and flag pole.

We are learning and appreciating their sacrifices of the war, that in time of distress, we too might adhere to that Scout law of loyalty and patriotism, and defend as valiantly as they the cause of equal rights and liberty.

Our Scouting Fraternity feels that it is honored to have the privilege of officiating in this memorial service, teaching Scouting in a practical way. Such things we feel will make splendid Scouts, real men and sterling citizens—the aim of Scouting.

One of the largest groups ever assembled locally at a banquet met recently in the interests of Scouting, in Salt Lake City. About nine hundred men sat down together to discuss over the table the matters pertaining to this cause. Watch the March Era for a detailed account of the affair.



The Gold Star Driveway, looking north from twentieth street.

M. I. A. Monthly Report of Accomplishments, November, 1931

	No. Wards.	No. reporting.	10% of Ward enrolled.	2 1/2 or more attendance.	No. up-to-date on discussions and activities.	No. with 100% of fund.	No. conducting Three half-hour program.	No. of Wards conducting departments in:	% of Stake participating in act. prog.	No. of Music Groups organized in Stake in:	No. male groups singing hymns	No. holding Sunday Joint Session.	No. having used Era program.	No. holding Thanksgiving Ball.											
	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Y. M.	Y. L.	Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Story Telling	Ladies' Chorus	Male Chorus	Mixed Chorus	Trio	Orchestra	Band						
Alberta	11	8	10	8	10	5	8	6	3	2	7	5	1	5	3	4	64	2	2	2	2	9	9	9	8
Alpine	6	10	8	10	5	8	6	3	2	7	5	1	5	3	4	64	2	2	2	2	9	9	9	8	
Hancock	11	10	11	10	10	9	10	10	1	1	6	6	0	6	0	0	95	2	2	2	0	7	5	5	
Bear Lake	11	10	11	10	10	9	10	10	1	1	6	6	0	6	0	0	95	2	2	2	0	7	5	5	
Bear River	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	9	11	2	9	9	11	80	2	2	2	1	12	12	11	
Benson	14	9	12	7	10	6	9	8	11	9	7	4	2	2	2	2	72	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Big Horn	6	5	12	3	10	6	9	8	11	9	7	4	2	2	2	2	72	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Blackfoot	14	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	9	8	2	2	2	2	72	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Blaine	7	4	4	3	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	90	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Boise	7	4	4	3	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	90	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Boxelder	13	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	1	1	10	10	4	2	2	2	85	3	3	3	1	12	12	11	
Cache	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Carbon	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Cassia	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Cottonwood	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Curlew	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Deseret	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
East Jordan	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Emery	11	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Ensign	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Franklin	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Fremont	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Garfield	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Granite	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Grant	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Gunnison	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Hollywood	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Idaho	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Idaho Falls	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Juarez	15	15	15	15	15	14	14	14	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Kanab	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Kolob	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Lehi	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Liberty	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	11	1	1	12	12	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Logan	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Los Angeles	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Lost River	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Lyman	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Malad	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Maricopa	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Millard	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Mindoka	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Moapa	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Montpelier	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Moroni	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Mt. Ord	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Nebo	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Nevada	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
North Davis	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
North Sanpete	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
North Sevier	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
North Weber	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Orderville	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Oreida	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Oquirrh	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Panguitch	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Parowan	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Pioneer	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Pocatello	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Portneue	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Raft River	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Ripley	13	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
St. George	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Sholey	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
South Davis	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
South Sanpete	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
South Sevier	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Star Valley	11	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	1	1	11	11	6	6	6	6	85	3	3	3	1	14	14	13	
Summit	13	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Sharon	13	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
Salt Lake	13	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	1	1	10	10	2	2	2	2	77	4	1	1	1	12	12	11	
San Juan	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1	12	12	11	
San Luis	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	80	1	1	1	1				

The Back-Tracker

Continued from
page 211

throat came rumbling growls which would have sent the unknown flying for shelter. "Yuh got to take the herd out without me," the man went on, speaking as confidentially as though to a man. "You know that kid brother I've talked to you so much about—the little crippled one. I been savin' every cent I could for two years now just to send him back to that big hospital in the East. An' now it looks like mebbe he never would git to go. He wants me, Paddy, an' I got to go."

THE big, blond herder wiped a tear from his eye, and suddenly Paddy's paws were against him, and the dog was snuggling his head under his arm with a soft whimper.

"Darned if I don't believe you can understand English," the herder asserted softly.

Anyway, it had been a comfort to think that he could in those long, lonesome days on the range. It had given him an opportunity to hear the human voice, even if it was his own, without the foolish feeling that he was talking to himself. And he knew that the pup he had trained had at least learned to know his moods through the tone of his voice.

In a few minutes the sheep were beginning to stir. There was an occasional inquiring bleat, and the jangle of bells as the leaders began to move out of the cove. All that was music to Paddy's ears. With his front feet on the wagon tongue he waited eagerly for Harvey to step out and start.

But it wasn't Harvey who came out to go with the herd, but the stranger. He was a heavy-shouldered fellow, with a dark, scowling face, and little, mean glittering eyes set far back under the cave of his overhanging brows.

"Try to call him with you and I'll stay in the camp till you're out of sight," Harvey said. "You'll be trailin' all the time, and if you keep him busy he may not miss me."

"Come on, you," the herder said gruffly. He attempted to place a pat upon the dog's head, but Paddy ducked under the hand. The man cursed under his breath.

"Way round 'em," the man motioned, but the dog remained by the wagon tongue with his eyes glued to the closed door.

"Say, that mongrel cur ain't gonna be no good," the new man said.

HARVEY, who had been watching through a small hole in the canvas, opened the door. He hadn't liked this new man, and a wave of anger swept over him at the man's words, but he checked his temper. Little Ira might be dying, and he wanted his big brother. His only chance to go was to let this man relieve him.

"Don't lose yore patience, Boggs. Paddy is the best sheep dog you ever saw. But you see, he's never worked for anybody but me."

"Well, I can't trail this herd outa here without a dog," the man Boggs growled.

"Well, we'll just have to try him another way," Harvey said. "Paddy will never leave the herd. I'll go with you for a ways, then tell him to stay with the herd and I'll go back to camp and leave. Then when Charley pulls the camp and the dog finds out I've gone he'll work for you."

A joyous bark burst from the dog as he saw Harvey coming out. Now everything was going to be all right, but he had been a little uneasy.

As soon as they were out of sight of the camp Harvey stopped. "Over there, Paddy," he pointed. "Stay with 'em."

THE big dog knew what to do. It had taken a long time for him to learn to stay with the herd alone while Harvey went to camp, but he had finally mastered the idea that the sheep must never be left uncared for. Always when Harvey returned he had brought something for his dog. And still Paddy had never hated to be left behind with the herd so much as he dreaded it now. The strange human was staying too.

For half an hour Paddy remained immovable, but the herd was going on. Boggs was whistling to him, but it was utterly unlike the cheerful, friendly whis-

ELECTRIC SERVANTS

Make Happy Homes



Nothing would please
Mother more than an

ELECTRIC
RANGE



It lifts the burden of
cooking drudgery—

It assures more
leisure hours—

It brings the happiness
of perfect cooking results
every day in the year—

See the many beautiful Hot-
point and Westinghouse Elec-
tric ranges and learn about
our easiest of easy terms.



UTAH POWER &
LIGHT CO.

Efficient Public Service

Mother Nature

plenty of
**Efficient
Man Power**

and the
**Correct
Machinery**

still combine
to HOLD

KNIGHT

Spring
Canyon



and

ROYAL



at the head of the list of
unusually

GOOD COALS

ask your friend
the coal dealer

Knight Fuel Company

Royal Coal Company

LEONARD E. ADAMS
General Sales Agent

General Offices 8th Floor
Newhouse Bldg.
Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A.

tle with which Harvey was wont to call him. Soon even the tail end of the herd would pass out of sight. The dog had the feeling that they shouldn't be left unprotected. He knew what dangers to expect. A hungry coyote might swoop out of a coulee and make a kill, or some other herd might be sighted, in which case Paddy knew that it was his business to get between and see that they didn't mix. He placed no confidence in this new man whatever. The business of tending the herd belonged exclusively to him and Harvey.

Boggs had stopped and was again calling. Paddy took a few tentative steps in that direction, but not on account of the man. The herd was splitting around a hill. That would never do. Unbidden, the dog swung into a lope to turn one part back to the other.

Boggs let out an angry shout. "Hey you, come back here," he yelled. "I'll tell you when tuh go an' when not."

Paddy failed to stop. When he trotted back within forty feet of the herder a small rock struck him in the ribs with paralyzing force. With a howl Paddy fled back to where the camp had been. It wasn't there!

FOR the first time in his three years of life the big dog was utterly demoralized. But not for long. It was easy to follow the camp wagon by his sense of smell. He overtook the camp some two miles farther on. His eyes glistened happily, and there was a wide, satisfied grin upon his face.

The campmover, a gawky strippling with a long, sober face covered with a funny white fuzz, stopped the team abruptly and got out of the camp. He spoke to the dog, but Paddy paid no heed. With one leap the dog was upon the double-trees, and with another inside the camp. He was out almost instantly, circling the camp in a frenzy. There was no longer a grin upon his ugly face.

"Hey, Paddy, 'ole boy, you orta stayed with the herder," Joe Clement said not unkindly as he patted the big dog's head. Paddy permitted the caress, but without cheerfulness. He had accepted Joe as one of Harvey's appendages the same as the camp team and the

saddle horse. Indeed poor Joe was little more.

In order to make and save every possible dime Harvey Hansen had leased this herd of sheep, and he had operated it as cheaply as possible. Joe Clement was neither physically nor mentally strong, but Harvey had hired him because he was able to do most of the work himself.

Now Joe was perplexed. Finally he mounted the saddle horse and calling to the dog to follow, rode back to the herd. Fifty feet from the new herder Paddy stopped. When Boggs started toward him he retreated.

"Ketch that no-'count houn' an' hang onto him," Boggs shouted to Joe.

THE camp-jack dismounted and called Paddy up to him without difficulty. While he clung to the ruff on the dog's neck Boggs picked up a stick and advanced threateningly.

"Better not whup him if yuh want him tuh stay with yuh," Joe warned.

"He'll foller me or he'll never foller another herder," Boggs rumbled.

"Harvey would be killin' mad if anything happened tuh ole Paddy," Joe murmured.

"He hired me tuh herd these sheep, an' when I do a job I do it in my own way," the bully growled. "Hold him till I take that rope offa the saddle."

Paddy made a half-hearted effort to get loose, but his dog's brain was in a whirl. He was trying to understand, but it was difficult. He wondered why Harvey didn't come and straighten things out.

He only flinched when the herder seized him roughly and made the end of the rope fast about his neck.

"Now, I reckon yuh'll stay with me," the fellow said.

"Be kinda easy with him, won't yuh, mister?" Joe pleaded.

"I'll han'le him any way I see fit," Boggs answered surlily. However, he gave Paddy a few rough strokes with his hand which didn't fool the wise canine in the least. Paddy knew that there was no kindness in that hand. Nevertheless, when the rope came taut he reluctantly permitted himself to be led about.

THEY were in an extremely brushy country, and it required constant edging to keep the herd from splitting into little bunches. For an hour or so Boggs hurried from side to side, half dragging the big dog and cursing under his breath. But he was a lazy man, and he soon grew tired. "I'm no blamed sheep dog," he muttered furiously.

A part of the band was bending over a steep ridge which Boggs had no heart to climb. He stooped and untied the rope. "Git around 'em," he ordered with a sweeping wave of his arm. Instead Paddy made a bee line for camp.

A little kindly treatment would have won the big dog's confidence, but Boggs had no kindness in him, and his gruff manner had only bewildered the sheep dog. The wish to escape the degradation of that rope had taken full possession of Paddy.

When the herder came into camp at noon with the herd he again had the campmover catch the dog for him. When the rope was finally fastened, and this time Paddy struggled against it, though he didn't try to bite, Boggs seized a stick and proceeded to give the dog a beating. In desperation Paddy suddenly flung himself upon his persecutor. He tried to seize that punishing stick, but instead his jaws snapped down upon the herder's hand.

Only the fellow's thick glove prevented him from getting a badly lacerated hand. As it was he got a severe bruise. With a savage oath the man kicked out at the dog's ribs. Paddy dodged and silently charged in again. This time his teeth left their mark in the calf of his enemy's leg.

WITH a yell Boggs leaped into the camp and jerked the rifle from its straps along the ribs of the camp. He was fairly blubbering with rage as he leaped to the ground and threw the weapon to his shoulder.

But Paddy had had enough of the conflict. He had sensed danger beyond his power to combat, and he had withdrawn uncertainly to a clump of "sarvis" brush fifty yards away. Here he stopped, in full view of the camp.

He saw the rifle go up to his enemy's shoulder. From experience he knew that the gesture usually spelled death for some marauder, but it had never meant danger to him. He watched his foe suspiciously, and then perhaps it came to him that a gun had never been pointed at him before. Some instinct warned him to move. He dropped downward, as his legs bent to leap just as the rifle roared. Something struck across the top of his loins with the sharpest pain he had ever felt. He gave a short yelp and vanished into the brush.

The enraged herder fired twice more, but his bullets went wild, and by that time Paddy had disappeared over the top of a ridge.

HALF a mile away the big, bewildered dog stopped uncertainly. The wound across his loins stung and burned. It had no more than ripped through the hide, but had it been an inch lower it would have killed him. Paddy couldn't reach it with his tongue.

He didn't know what to do. He had never been treated so before. He dared not approach the camp again; neither could he stay with the herd while Boggs was around. All he could do was follow at a distance and hope for Harvey's return.

The herd didn't get far that afternoon. From the shelter of the brush Paddy listened to the hoarse yells of the herder, but the sheep had quickly learned that the new herder had no means of enforcing his commands. It is the sheep dog which enforces discipline.

With the coming of darkness Paddy came to the top of a ridge close to the camp. It was no longer a place of refuge. Finally he heard the dismal yell of a coyote from some distant ridge. He started to send back his baying challenge, but didn't. He sniffed at the atmosphere. A keen wind was penetrating his fur to the skin, and tiny flakes of snow, like bits of ice stung his nose when he pointed it into the wind.

HE moved stealthily down to the camp. It hadn't been well placed and the herd was exposed to the fury of the ap-

MAKE MORE MONEY IN POULTRY

By applying scientific, tested methods to the selection of our breeding stock and to the hatching of all CO-OP Baby Chicks we are able to offer vigorous, healthy, disease-free S. C. White Leghorn baby chicks that will produce for you a bigger output of large, white eggs and thus help you to make more money.

EVERY BREEDING HEN is carefully culled for size, shape, standard qualifications and vigor.

EVERY HEN is blood-tested for B. W. D. or Pullorum Disease, thus minimizing losses and increasing the average size of the eggs produced.

EVERY HEN is mated with a pedigreed male bird with official trap nest records on the Dam side of 250 eggs and on the Sire's Dam side of 280, large, white, well-shaped eggs a year.

Please send me full particulars.

Name

Address



You can't buy better Baby Chicks than CO-OP Baby Chicks. Place your orders at once for immediate or future delivery.

Utah Co-operative Baby Chick Hatchery

2561 South State Street
Salt Lake City

The Utah High School of Beauty Culture

331 Clift Bldg., Salt Lake

Learn a profession that would make you independent for the rest of your life. Write for catalog.

Mail this Coupon

Name

Address

City

We can provide room and board to students out of town

We Make Loveliness Lovelier
GO TO

MITCHELL'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

For a Permanent Wave That You Will
Like—From \$3.00 to \$6.50

Only best supplies used—Every wave guaranteed, and prices include shampoo and finger wave—An additional shampoo and finger wave with Permanent Waves, \$4.00 and over.

FINGER WAVING—50c Long Hair Dried
35c Short Hair Dried, 25c Not Dried
MARCELLING 50c

Call Was. 10316 for Appointment
Medical Arts Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah

**Church Composers,
Organists,
Choir Directors,
Singers,
Choristers, etc.**

Communicate at once with

"MELOS"

MUSIC PUBLISHING
HOUSE

424 Gates Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

Concerning publishing your
music or furnishing you
with appropriate songs.

Poems will be set to music.
Enclose return postage.

Decorations, Balloons, Novelties

For Gold and Green Ball, Valentine Day
and George Washington Celebrations.
Creme paper, Streamers, Favors, Japanese
Lanterns, all kinds of Paper Hats, Noise-
makers, Carnival Goods, Serpentine and
Confetti, etc.

Special terms to church organizations.
Prompt Service—Lowest Wholesale Prices.
Send for Complete Catalog.

Balloons filled with gas can be furnished
in and about Salt Lake.
Telephone for full details

U. S. NOVELTY CO.

1355 Fifth East Hyland 813
Salt Lake City, Utah
(Locally owned and operated)

proaching storm. The sheep got up and moved away at his approach. He smelled around for food, but not even a bone had been thrown out. Always, when the weather was bad, Harvey had made the dog a bed under the wagon, and protected it with an old tarpaulin reaching from the bottom of the camp to the ground and stretching from hub to hub of the hind wheels. It was all open now, and the warm sheep pelts of his bed were still upon the boot.

Paddy withdrew to a sheltered place under the comb of a ridge and lay down. His wound hurt, and the ten foot rope he was dragging annoyed him. He didn't sleep. Presently he heard the tinkling of bells. The sheep had left the bed-ground and were moving before the storm, which had now become a full sized blizzard.

PADDY looked for a light to appear inside the camp. Harvey had always got up and brought the sheep back to the bed-ground, or if they had just started, shouted for Paddy to do so. But no light appeared. The men inside the camp slept on.

Paddy got up, shook the snow out of his fur and slowly followed the herd. It was impossible to see anything more than a few feet ahead. The herd was travelling blindly. Paddy knew that the herd should be turned back to camp, but even he couldn't make them go back in the teeth of the gale. All he could do was follow. And wherever he went the heavy rope he was dragging left a snake-trail behind him.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when his keen ears detected the approach of the herder. In fact both men from the camp had arrived.

"I told yuh it was that wuthless dawg that made 'em leave the bed-ground," Boggs said. "An' he's drivin' 'em off. Look at the mark left by that rope he's draggin'." Just let me get one more shot at him."

BUT Paddy was keeping out of the way. Like a tawny ghost he clung to the flanks of the herd as the men turned it back, but never did he permit them to catch sight of him.

Thus far there had been little actual snow, but soon after noon it began to get warmer, and there was more snow and less wind. It was still impossible to see any great distance.

It was past mid-afternoon when Paddy made a grave discovery. One part of the herd had split off around a knoll, and the herder hadn't missed them! The big dog paused uncertainly. Harvey had taught him to back-track, and if he found any stragglers it was his business to drive them on into the herd. It was his instinct to do this now, but fear of the herder was still strong in his heart. He stayed close to the bunch and waited. They moved down into a sheltered coulee and the falling snow rapidly blotted out the signs of their passing.

IT wasn't given to Paddy to know that there were more than three hundred head in that bunch, nor to know that if they were lost it would mean disaster to the master he loved. Under the terms of Harvey Hansen's lease he had to make good the number of sheep he had leased. The loss of this bunch would take all of his profits with the herd. It would mean that the long hoped for operation for little Ira must be indefinitely postponed.

But Paddy did know that the herder would never abandon a single sheep on the range. He sensed that the new herder had abandoned this little band, and if left alone they would be the victims of the coyotes. He followed them with ever increasing uneasiness, anxiously watching for a sight of some human coming to his rescue. It was always Harvey that he expected to see, however. Something had happened to Harvey, but the kindly, good natured herder would never leave his charges alone in the wilderness. And in the long days and nights that followed Paddy was never to lose his simple faith that eventually the beloved master would come back.

As darkness came on, the little band of sheep huddled down under the cut bank of an arroyo, and presently Paddy, wet, cold, and hungry, cuddled down beside them.

(To be concluded next month)

A Daughter of Martha

Continued from
page 220

was still out with Francis. The twins came home, breezily happy and youthful. Their dance programs were all filled for the party. Ice cream and punch and wafers would be served. Some of the boys had clubbed together and rented a seven-passenger car. Ten could crowd into it easily. Their teacher had a hobbleskirt, and the boys were wearing peg top trousers. Flora giggled and explained to Florence that she had seen a rat sticking out of their teacher's hair. Both the girls wanted new dresses for the dance. Gloria could not see why their older ones could not serve. The twins went sleepily to bed. Gloria waited up for Nancy. Funny of Francis to keep her out so long. She must have rest. She had to render real service at her work—better wages were needed—Nancy would have to contribute generously to the family budget.

While she waited for Nancy, Gloria dreamed and planned her revenge. It was no fault of hers that Claire would be homeless. It wasn't much of a home that Bruce provided, anyway, and he treated her like a slave. If it hadn't been for Gloria's intervention, the steer would have killed the child. Lulu was no mother. If Gloria could care for three girls, she guessed Bruce should manage to care for one.

AT midnight Nancy and Francis Conrad arrived. The boy had his father's family car—glass doors with windows that rolled up or down; a cut glass flower vase and an electric light in the roof. Their feet lagged over the cement walk. Cement. That was another of the wonders of this age. They had it on the down town streets, were talking of putting it past her corner lot. Francis was altogether too close to Nancy. How slowly they walked!

"O, Mother, why did you wait up?" Nancy was all concern, but Francis smiled his old good natured, superior, confident smile. "She might as well be up, for we would have wakened her anyway. Look, Mother Whitman," he held out Nancy's left hand, "You know that chasing bugs and bees and butterflies in South America is an awfully lonesome job." The hand that had performed wonders over

a keyboard was now adorned with a single, brilliant stone. "We're to be married!" he announced happily, and Nancy broke down and started to weep.

"But, but you can't do that!" cried Gloria. "Nancy has to help with the home—the twins are not out of school yet. I have other plans."

"O Mother, I want to go. Francis said when he first came to the ranch I was ever so little, but that I always smiled at him. My smile was the first he'd had since he ran away. He's lonesome. I can help him. I can mount his specimens. I will be there with him if he gets one of those jungle fevers—besides we're engaged!"

JOHN KIRKMAN chasing diamonds—Jonas acquiring land. Peter in a laboratory—Rodney in a store. Francis chasing elusive bugs through infected jungles. The Glorias with the Jonases. The Victorias with the Rodneyes. The Nancies with the Francis Conrads. The treadmill of life. Youth demanding, moving in an irrevocable circle.

"Cedars must have the wind." She, like the Judge, must take comfort in that. "I suppose it has to be. When you decide just where you are going to settle, I will give you three of the gourds. It will be your only dowry."



AT HOME!

Let us tell you how you can quickly and easily learn to play your favorite instrument, right in your own home and in your spare time. Music will make you popular, welcomed everywhere, and offer many big-money opportunities.

Easy as A-B-C

You need know nothing about music to begin. We give you personal, individual instruction right from the start and guarantee your satisfaction. You will be surprised and delighted that music can be made so easy and fascinating. Courses in Piano, Violin, Trumpet, Cornet, Mandolin, Organ, Banjo, Tenor Banjo, Spanish Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet.

Send for Our New Catalog Today

It will tell you all about this great School—now in its 27th successful year—and the wonderful National Academy Method that has meant success to over 30,000 enthusiastic students. Send for it right now, while you think of it. It is FREE.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 526 702 East 41st Street, Chicago

BI-CENTENNIAL. NATAL YEAR: GEORGE WASHINGTON

States, Counties, Cities, Hamlets, Religious and Civic Organizations will celebrate that event with suitable ceremonies. * * * With the aid and under the direction of the President of the United States, a national organization points the way for the Patriotic Celebration, throughout the year. * * * To be sure of success, make your program as these colorful, chivalrous days of the First President will be revived and re-enacted in visible pageantry. Costumes are the one essential factor in such production. * * * Do not guess: be assured of correct wardrobe by placing your orders with:

SALT LAKE COSTUME CO.

Dealers in Masquerade Costumes
Play Books, Operas, Operettas, Toupes,
Masks, Carnival Goods. Send for Catalog
33 West Broadway Phone Was. 999
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Delicious Time-Savers! • ROYAL DESSERTS

Always Keep on Hand a Supply of—

ROYAL QUICK SETTING GELATIN DESSERTS. They set in about half the usual time * * * 6 fruit flavors to choose from.

ROYAL CHOCOLATE PUDDING contains Arrowroot, a super-fine digestible starch * * * rich and creamy * * * prepared in just 6 minutes. Extremely nourishing and delicious.

ROYAL VANILLA PUDDING also contains Arrowroot and prepared in 6 minutes * * * especially good for children.

ROYAL DESSERTS

At Your Grocer

SAFE MILK



Perfectly Pasteurized

The world's leading health authorities recommend pasteurized milk—the only milk that is surely safe. Clover Leaf-Harris Milk is perfectly pasteurized by modern automatic machines.

Just Phone Wasatch 2177

Clover Leaf-Harris
MILK

DURING THE "INDOOR" SEASON"

paint your woodwork and
walls with

BENNETT'S



Gloss Interior
Finish

Solid-covering with less
brushing

Dries hard overnight

**BENNETT GLASS &
PAINT COMPANY**

61-65 W. First So., Salt Lake City
Dealers throughout Utah, Southern
Idaho and Neighboring States

Gloria was glad for diversion. It conquered the lump in her throat.

"Nancy will see plenty of monkeys down there," laughed Nancy's fiancé. "They're just like the coyotes here. One can make so much noise you think it's a million."

After Nancy's marriage there was her check less, so Gloria economized even more. She did not buy new dresses for the twins' dance. They gazed in wonderment at this new mother, who counted all the pennies. Peter had seen that they had things—but now, mother even watched the butter they ate. Why, they lived in poverty! Mother baked all day long in the kitchen. The house was terribly hot at night. Her clothes were getting so shabby they were ashamed to bring their friends home. But her hair remained in tight ringlets, adding a softening charm to her face.

Finally she made a mysterious trip with Judge Conrad to the county seat, past their old home. She said she had certain legal matters to attend to. They could rearrange the sitting room in her absence, but they could not store the gourds away.

When Gloria returned, she seemed her old sweet self. The twins sighed in relief. Whatever the mystery had been, it seemed past and solved. She had a bulky envelope which she put away in her drawer.

THAT night when she was safely alone and the bakery was closed and the yeast sponges had all been set for the to-morrow's mixings, Gloria got out pencil and paper and began the composition of a very important letter. After many attempts she finally produced what she considered a masterpiece in sarcasm. Wouldn't Bruce be surprised? Wouldn't he rave in anger? Perhaps he would blame Claire, vowing he had never seen the tax notices. Well, the land was hers. She paid the taxes, with interest and cost of court. She had mortgaged her lot—she had mortgaged the future—but revenge was sweet—she would drink till she drained the cup!

What a letter! Would Bruce understand that he was homeless and penniless? She got out good paper and ink, and meticulously

began to copy her stinging composition.

Mr. Bruce Whitman:

This will advise you that I have this day purchased all of your former real estate, by virtue of a tax sale deed. I paid all accumulated taxes, interest and cost of court. You are advised to move—

A TIMID, almost imperceptible knock stopped the scratching of Gloria's pen. She poised her arm in mid air to listen. There it was again. Who could be coming at this hour of the night? She would not open the bakery, no matter who needed bread. But the knock was persistent. Gloria opened the door in resentment. There on the threshold stood a fantastic, almost grotesque figure—half child—half woman. The shoulders were slightly stooped, the ill fitting dress was spattered with mud, the face was slightly twisted, an eye was missing.

"Auntie Glory," it was the childish term Claire had always used, "I run away. Father was going to whip me, cause I got into the library to read and forgot to go for the cows. I walked all the way." The hesitant, faltering voice ceased and the exhausted girl fell into Gloria's arms. Blistered feet, shod in coarse shoes, ill fitting dress of her own designing. The left eye closed, one cheek pulled backward, giving the mouth an unlovely distorted expression. The natural olive of her skin had an added murkiness, due to sameness of foods. Hands that were roughed and stained. With all his inheritance, all his acres, all his creek of water, how did Bruce Whitman feel when he was forced to say, "This is my child!"

GLORIA was still young, but it did not take much strength to carry that frail figure to the couch. As she laid her down, her arm brushed the unfinished letter to the floor. In that second a real vision came to Gloria. What was revenge, anyway, but cankerous sore that ate into your own heart. What good would it do to take Bruce's farm? She couldn't run it—Rodney would laugh at her attempt. Peter's career was already chosen. Nancy was gone. The frivolous twins would never care to settle down to the life of isolation. Here before her on the couch lay a real purpose.

Bruce's child had voluntarily run away. She had come to the one friend she felt she had. Here was work to do. Claire needed care.

"Vengeance is mine." That was what the Lord had said. He had reserved unto Himself the right to chasten Bruce. In His mysterious way He had chosen Claire as the means of diverting Gloria's energy from hatred to service. Gloria put a pillow under Claire's head and, gathering up the letter, stuffed it into the warm stove.

"She is suffering from malnutrition." The doctor's verdict was prompt. "She needs proper food, better clothes, laughter and song. She is suffering from an inferiority complex. In a year you can hope for improvement. Teach her to laugh—to smile—to love herself."

INFERIORITY complex. Gloria could not find that word in her dictionary. Flora, who was studying psychology, remembered the expression, but didn't exactly know what it meant. Was it a disease? Was it contagious. She would ask Peter.

Peter made it quite plain. A complete absence of egotism, a fear of failure—a lack of self-confidence. Then Peter's letter abruptly changed the subject. They knew now what spread yellow fever. Mosquitos carried it from one person to another, infecting with their stings. They had also learned that flies, more than water, were the cause of typhoid fever spreading. They carried the germs on their feet. He also added that an Italian named Marconi had discovered wireless telegraphy. Ships could send messages. A wrecked ship had summoned aid in that manner. Also, a Madame Curie who lived in France, carrying on the work of her dead husband, had discovered radium. No telling what this marvelous element might do. Some doctors thought it might cure cancer.

"I'm glad it was a woman who discovered something," sighed Aunt Catherine. "If she had been English now, it would have been perfect. But France has no king—they can't make her a lady or a duchess, and I don't suppose they'll even give her a coat-of-arms!"

"Claire," admonished Gloria when she felt the child was re-

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE Are Happy Today

For having invested with us

DO YOU KNOW

of any stock that is as good today as it was two years ago?

FOR 26 YEARS OUR STOCK HAS NOT SOLD BELOW PAR

Shareholders have received dividends Regularly throughout this period.

Deseret Building Society

"Old Reliable People's Company"

14 South Main Street

Salt Lake City, Utah

Assets over \$2,000,000.00

6% AND SAFETY is BETTER than 10% PERHAPS

Invest 50c to \$100.00 per month at your option.

Please mention the "Era" when requesting information



UTAH ABERDEEN COAL

Best In The West

Your home will be warm in the coldest weather, if you burn

ABERDEEN

You Are Assured Prompt Service and Quality Coal
From the ABERDEEN DEALER

SEIZE the opportunity of LEISURE to Train Now for Leadership

Mail This Coupon for Information

Coupon—Tear out and mail

Gentlemen:
Please tell me how your business training can help me to get ahead. Send catalog describing opportunities and courses without obligation.

Name

Address

Many people who have been out of work have discovered that their leisure time was a blessing in disguise. They have used it to fortify themselves for the battle of earning a living. A period of idleness has been the upward turning point in many careers. You can enroll any Monday in this school.

It's worth making sacrifices if necessary, to secure this training. Free Placement Department keeps in touch with leading employers, helps many graduates secure employment. If you will mail the attached coupon, we'll be glad to explain how this training will help you get ahead.

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

80 NORTH MAIN

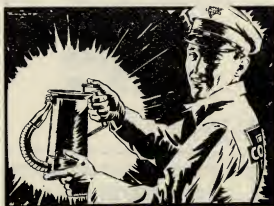
\$15.00 per month pays for a complete business education

**NOBODY CAN
STOP LOSS.
EVERYBODY
CAN AVOID
IT THROUGH
INSURANCE**

When you come here for insurance you get it, coupled with attentive, experienced service. This is an agency of the Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.

**UTAH HOME FIRE
INSURANCE CO.**

HEBER J. GRANT & CO.
General Agents
Salt Lake City, Utah



Penetrates
to every metal
working part.
---Protects your
motor

CONOCO
GERM PROCESSED
PARAFFIN BASE
MOTOR OIL

cupered enough for instruction, "never again in all your life let any person call you One Eye. You are Miss Claire Knight. As soon as you are strong enough, I'll take you to a hospital and have a glass eye fitted for you."

"Do I have to go back to father?" As she put the question fear leaped into the one pale blue eye.

"When you do, it will be of your own free will." Gloria considered carefully before she made this weighty answer. Claire was a minor. Bruce was her father. Judge Conrad could advise and suggest, of course, but in the end Bruce could prove his rights. But the right to live and enjoy, to get education was a heritage of every child, and Gloria felt she would make any sacrifice to allow the child to make her own choice.

BRUCE, however, was not long in locating his lost daughter. He came to town, agrieved and offended. Claire lay on the couch in the living room, a late breakfast tray beside her, a magazine in her hand, a bright coverlet adding color to the face which was just learning to smile.

"A fine appreciative girl you are," began Bruce in the tone of authority he always assumed to Claire. "Running away from a good home. Did you stop to think of the worry you caused me? No note—no nothing. Just gone." He stalked over to the couch and at his glowering look, Claire turned paler.

"Sit here, Bruce," Gloria pushed forward the one comfortable rocker which the room boasted.

"Sit nothing," mocked Bruce. "I'm taking her back with me—now."

"Not if she does not want to go, Bruce," Gloria spoke quietly, but in the nights of wondering what to do, even after Judge Conrad assured her she could not forcibly take a child away from a parent, Gloria had found a way.

"Not take my own child?" Bruce looked incredulous. "You've had your way in lots of things, Gloria, but this time I guess you can't do just as you wish. I'm taking her home with me."

CLAIRE rose to a sitting posture, her face quivering with fear. "I never want to speak to you again," she said.

"Do you think I can run a farm and turn water and go for cows and care for chickens and chop wood and draw water and mix bread?" demanded Bruce, making one of the longest speeches he had ever undertaken. "What will I do alone in that big house?"

"Claire shall decide." Gloria spoke calmly, hoping to make Bruce see that he could no longer force obedience upon the child who had once tasted freedom.

"I shan't go with you!" cried Claire. "If you carry me back, I'll run away again. If you make me go, I won't watch the calves from the lucern; I won't milk the cows. I won't cut wood—I'll let the yeast spoil; I'll let the garden dry up. The doctor says glasses will let me see as good as most people with two eyes."

"We are going home tonight." Bruce was again master of short sentences. "I can't waste no more time with you."

Gloria knew that persuasion would be useless. A stronger force than love would have to be imposed before Bruce would relinquish the child. So she used the solution which had come to her in her nights of worry and prayer.

"Just what do you mean by going home, Bruce?" she asked sweetly. "Where is your home?"

"What do you mean by that silly question?" countered Bruce.

"I doubt if you have a real home for Claire," added Gloria. "I happen to know that you failed to comply with certain legal requirements in order to hold your home."

"I have the deeds from Jonas Whitman's estate, all properly recorded," flared Bruce. "His title was as clear as a mountain lake."

"Yes, but your title is not as clear as my husband's. I can show tax sale deeds from the sheriff, for all the property of Mr. Bruce Whitman. All his acres, all his water rights are mine, for paying delinquent taxes which have accrued over a period of five years, and which he has ignored. Of course, you may have another home to take Claire to—then I will have to let her go." Gloria brought out the legal envelope with all the separate deeds. The old homestead; Lulu's lands; the railroad section, the point of gravel.

Bruce looked them over, incred-

ulous, disbelieving, then as the full portent of their meaning dawned upon him, he became frightened.

JONAS always did everything. I didn't really understand about taxes. I thought I could pay them most any time that was convenient. You can't have my land, Gloria. I tell you it's mine. You left—Rodney left. Me, me alone, of all the family stayed with the old man." He rose to his slight height. For all of his trembling anxiety, his shabby suit and his worn shoes, Bruce was more of a man than he had ever been before. Gloria felt a pity surge through her, but her purpose was not yet accomplished.

"It is already mine. Deeds recorded. Money paid. Everything legal. I am working hard every day of my life to earn the money which I borrowed for this purpose. Your one time farm is mine!"

Bruce, after his momentary asser-tion of individuality, sank into the rocker. He leaned his head on his hands, propped his elbow upon his knee. His battered felt hat fell from his hands to the floor.

"I am beaten," he muttered. "For years I catered to Jonas Whitman. I never really did the things I wanted to do. I thought only the things he wanted me to think. He thought for me—planned for me. Now my reward is this—no land—no wife—no child—no manhood." A tear trickled down his hands, fell upon the felt hat.

"I will trade your farm back to you, Bruce, for your daughter."

Bruce looked up, incredulous. "You mean you will give it back to me if I will let Claire stay with you for a while?"

"If you will give her to me for always," corrected Gloria. "You will have to sign papers. In other words, you deed me the child, I will deed you the farm. I will put her in school. I will purchase a glass eye for her. She will have pretty clothes and proper foods. She will lose that inferiority complex. Now, I can't argue any longer. I have rolls waiting to be baked, and bread to mix."

"It seems unbelievable," remarked Judge Conrad to his wife when they settled down to a long, lonesome evening before their

grate, "that Mrs. Whitman would trade that valuable farm for the chance to care for a crippled child. She's already got two girls to support. The child gives me the creeps. She's thin and emaciated, underfed and undersized. Her distorted smile is a grimace! Now Mrs. Whitman has the child to care for, and the additional burden of clearing off the mortgage she put on her lot in order to pay the taxes for that Bruce! Women are incomprehensible to me!"

"Always were and always will be," commented Mrs. Conrad. "I will bring the matter up to my club. I feel sure the ladies will increase their orders for bread and rolls!"

HOMeward bound, Bruce Whitman felt conflicting emotions. What would he really do without Claire? He who had taken orders all his life, who had never enjoyed independence, had felt a keen joy in his first taste of dictatorship. Here was someone who had to obey him; he had experienced a queer, distorted pleasure in watching Claire cower before his authority. Now she was gone. There would



Go Into Every One of Ramshaw's and Timpanogos' Baby Chicks

Only an old, well established institution can give chicks these "priceless ingredients," that make for faithful performance of the hens they mature into.

Why go out of the state for your baby chicks when "Ramshaw's Chicks" are only a few hours from a warm hatchery to your warm brooder.

Please Send Complete Information About Your Baby Chicks—

Name

Address

RAMSHAW HATCHERY

3687 SOUTH STATE ST.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Phone Murray 474

TIMPANOGOS HATCHERY

Provo, Utah

SAVE TIME!

SAVE MONEY!

BY WEARING

Mountaineer

Overalls and Auto Suits

EQUIPPED WITH

Stop-Loss Pockets



Join the ranks of enthusiastic workmen who have found Stop-Loss Pockets to fill a long-felt need. No more loss of tools, valuables, money, from your pockets while working, no matter what your position. No more precious time spent in hunting for lost articles!

Ask Your Dealer For

MOUNTAINEER

Overalls and Auto Suits

Made in Salt Lake City by

Z. C. M. I. CLOTHING FACTORY

*They cost
no more!*



Whether it's a big job or a little one, you'll get the best service and the best work in our big, modern commercial printing plant. Ask our representative to quote on your next job.

*Business and Personal Stationery
Business Forms . . . Hand Bills
Booklets . . . all kinds of binding
Wedding Stationery*

The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

BE INDEPENDENT

No Other Vocation So Profitable!
ENROLL NOW
For a Complete Course at the

Quish School of Beauty Culture

The Best in the West

304-9 Ezra Thompson Bldg.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

For Further Information
and Catalog Call
Wasatch 7560 or
Fill in This
Coupon

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

be no one to scold when things went wrong. No one to cook his meals. True, she had been unlovely to look at; but he had always known she was there. Tonight the house would be empty; the cows would be waiting at the pasture gate. If he wanted a drink, he would have to pull a bucket up those forty feet. Perhaps he could have the water put in the house. Gloria had it. Surely, he, a man, could do what a mere woman had done.

Slowly he walked the three miles to the house. He was hungry, but no supper awaited him. He would have to carry wood for a fire, and he doubted if there was any cut. It was hardly worth the trouble. He would milk and drink some of that, and go to bed. He had need to put his hand on the bulging deeds in his pocket, in order to quell the lump which rose in his throat.

As he rounded the little dug-way and climbed the hill side from the creek to the house, he was amazed to see a light. Not alone in the kitchen, but in the parlor and the dining room. What could have happened? Had Claire repented of her decision and come by one of those autos? Had she really returned? He quickened his gait to the pasture. No restless, neglected cows greeted him with reproachful eyes. They were in the corral, peacefully chewing their cud. Some one had milked. A spark of light showed that smoke rose from the chimney. Surely Claire had been playing him a practical joke. But it was too late to change now. The bulky package was still in his pocket.

He hurried on to the kitchen door. Force of habit sent him to the back. He could not remember any occasion important enough to send him to the front door. He opened the door quickly.

What a transformation had taken place, even in that one room! The stove was burning brightly, the teakettle, freshly polished, was singing. Enticing odors permeated the room. The room was clean, in a manner far beyond Claire's pitiful attempts. The table, covered with a fresh cloth, was carefully laid for three.

"Claire!" called Bruce, then he hastily called again, "Claire!" Claire—where are you?"

THERE was no answer, but the door to the seldom used dining room opened and a woman stood hesitantly upon the threshold. She had no slattern beauty—no yellow ribbon around her neck—no dash of red in her hair; no saucy, enticing smile. A neat house dress covered a well-proportioned figure; her olive skin had lost that murky cloud, now showing clear and fine. Her smile was no longer alluring. It was the smile of a woman who had suffered, and through suffering had learned much of the wisdom of life.

"I have come back, Bruce." The modulated voice had lost its coyness and lilt. "I have come to stay if you will let me. I will care for you and Claire for the rest of my life."

"There is no Claire, Lulu," Bruce felt his words were hollow and meaningless. "Claire has gone away—forever. Only I am left."

"Then I will care for you." Bruce suddenly felt a new urge to accomplish. A woman to meet him at night, a woman willing to listen to his ideas, his plans. Jonas had never consulted—he had always ordered. Claire had never had an original idea in her life. Now he could think, with someone to push him on to his better self. The farm was his, to plan, to manage, to operate, as he willed. This woman before had had a half reason to run away. He had kept her in dependency, when she really had plenty in her own right. He had subjected her to the indignities of near beggary.

"I have been waiting for you, Lulu," he answered, suddenly conscious that her ready laughter, her spontaneous smile had left a vacancy in his life which he had never bothered to diagnose. Lulu walked to the table and without a word of questioning, she removed the third plate.

* * *

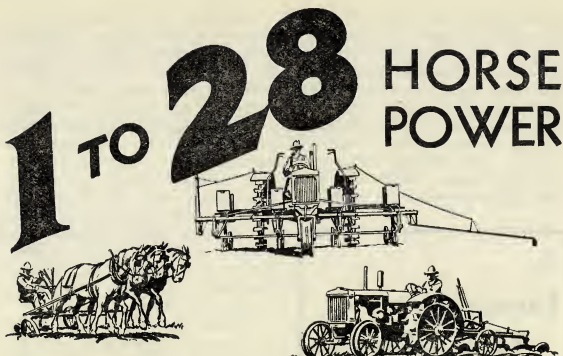
FLORA and Florence did not have any urge to be singers like Jenny Lind. They never played actor to imaginary audiences as Gloria had done. They could not, as they laughingly explained, "draw a straight line." They could play a little, but the years had been hard and the piano had come so late. After high school they both entered training

as nurses. It was severe and exacting. But the urge which had spurred John Kirkman into the diamond fields, the determination which kept his father at the side of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, combined with an inherent pity for all suffering things which had so marked their little half-sister Anna, gave them the impetus to see it through.

They were away from home most of the time now and the sales had increased so much that Gloria transformed the little parlor into a bakery sales room. Here Claire found herself. It was so nice to have glasses; to have that aching pain gone from your one good eye; to know that people did not know one eye was glass. The eyelid was not so withered now, although the twist still remained. Even the kind doctor admitted his inability to cure that. She had full liberty to read, to study, to play. But her greatest pleasure came through meeting people in the little store room. Here her word was authority. She knew who really wanted Parker House rolls; what husbands preferred the larger biscuits, who had a weakness for iced rolls, who wanted whole wheat bread. She knew all about the merits of bran bread, or whole wheat, or plain white. Who wanted fresh bread, who wanted stale. It was nice to meet new people; she loved the rustle of paper sacks, and the feel of twine through her fingers. What a thrill to have people call her Miss Knight. The inferiority complex was vanishing.

"I declare, Gloria," Aunt Catherine had a faint tone of injury in her voice, "if you had told me you wanted someone to help you tend store, I could have done that! You needn't have taken that child in here with you, adding to your expense. I guess I could hand out biscuits," she glanced longingly toward a fresh batch as Gloria iced them. "Victoria simply won't bake. She says it takes too much gas."

LIFE was tranquil and smooth for Gloria. She worked early and late, but she had no worry. The world was peaceful and prosperous. Others had taken up the invention of Marconi's. It was now more than wireless. They had fussed around, just like Edison did with electrici-



WHATEVER your farm calls for—from a one-horse plow to the biggest tractor operation—Oliver offers a proved tool for all plowing, tillage and planting operations.

IS YOURS A HORSE FARM?

Oliver offers walking, sulky, gang and disc plows—all kinds of tillage and planting tools and a new line of hay tools for harvesting the horse feed.

OR A POWER FARM?

An amazing selection is ready—

The Row Crop on its tiptoe wheels—a spike tooth harrow will erase its tracks—central tool mounting—2, 3, and 4-row equipment assures an accurate, clean job of planting and cultivating with an absolute minimum of soil packing.

The 18-28—a 2-3 plow tractor and the young giant of farm power, the Oliver Hart-Parr 28-44—good for 4 or 5 plows—will handle tremendous acreage at low operating cost.

SEE YOUR OLIVER DEALER

Look over the Oliver line of plows, tillage tools, drills, planters and TRACTORS, or check the coupon for tools that interest you and return it to your Oliver branch.



OLIVER

Check in the square opposite the tool that interests you—fill in your name and address—clip the coupon and send to OLIVER FARM EQUIPMENT SALES CO., 305 S. 10th St., Omaha; Great Falls, Mont.; 13th & Hickory Sts., Kansas City. Mounain States Imp. Co., Ogden.

Name

R. D. City

State

TRACTOR

HORSE



- ☐ 28-44 Tractor
- ☐ 18-28 Tractor
- ☐ Row Crop Tractor
- ☐ Row Crop Equipment



- ☐ Tractor Plow
- ☐ 5 Base ☐ 4 Base
- ☐ 3 Base ☐ Big Base
- ☐ Lister
- ☐ Ridge Buster



- ☐ Gang Plow
- ☐ Reversible Plow
- ☐ Disc Harrow
- ☐ Quack Grass Harrow



- ☐ One-way Disc Plow
- ☐ Wide Disc Harrow
- ☐ Tandem Disc Harrow
- ☐ Fallowator



- ☐ Double Disc Drill
- ☐ Fertilizer Drill
- ☐ Furrow Drill
- ☐ Alfalfa Drill



- ☐ Manure Spreader
- ☐ Beet and Bean Tools
- ☐ Corn Planter
- ☐ Hay Tools

I. E. 2-32

ty, until they had contrived what they called a radio. Rodney had one. He had what he called "ear phones." You put them over your head, while he turned many handles and bulbs on a little box and pretty soon you heard things—music—voices—static—out of the air! An airplane had flown over their house. What else was there left to improve the world!

As George Washington

served his fellowmen in days gone by, so each American has an Opportunity today to make his country greater, by becoming a better neighbor, and a more useful citizen.

The testimony of those we have served will convince you.

Jos. Wm. Taylor, Inc.
Morticians

*"The Cost is a Matter of
Your Own Desire"*

Index to Advertisers

Company	Page
Beneficial Life Ins. Co.....	Back Cover
Bennett Glass & Paint Co.....	250
Co-op Poultry Producers Ass'n	247
Clover Leaf-Harris Dairy.....	250
Continental Oil Company.....	252
Deseret Building Society.....	251
Deseret News Press.....	254
Grant, Heber J. & Co.....	252
Independent Coal & Coke Co.	251
Knight Fuel Company.....	246
L. D. S. Business College.....	251
"Melos" Music Publ. House.....	248
Mitchell's Beauty Shoppe.....	248
National Academy of Music.....	249
Oliver Farm Equipment Co.....	255
Porter-Walton Co.....	
<i>Inside Front Cover</i>	
Quish School of Beauty Culture	254
Ramshaw Hatcheries.....	253
Royal Desserts.....	249
Salt Lake Costume Co.....	249
Taylor, Jos. Wm., Inc.....	256
U. S. Novelty Co.....	248
Utah Co-operative Baby Chick Hatchery.....	247
Utah Oil Refining Co.....	
<i>Inside Back Cover</i>	
Utah Power & Light Co.....	245
Utah High School of Beauty Culture.....	247
Z. C. M. I.....	253

Suddenly upon this peace and sense of security came a thunderbolt that shook the world. A boy somewhere over in Serbia, wherever that was, had shot a prince. That had been the rocket needed to explode a world of suppressed fireworks. Germany had been waiting for just such an excuse. Like Napoleon of a hundred years ago, the Kaiser had dreams of world supremacy. His armies were upon Belgium and France—England, good old England, had resented Germany's treatment of Belgium, and she was in the fracas too.

Thank Heaven, thought Gloria with a sense of smugness, her country wasn't involved. All of Europe could fight to the death—she couldn't help it. Her children were safe. She was glad Peter was getting his training in America. Glad Nancy was away off in South America—glad her twins were girls. Doctors and girls and men who studied bugs, *biologists*, they called them, were never taken for soldiers.

The price of wheat went up. Gloria had to raise the retail price of her breads and cakes. Well, those Europeans couldn't fight and farm at the same time. Who was it said:

"Hammer your swords into plow shares."

CLAIRE was straighter now. She laughed voluntarily. She played with a spontaneity that was a joy to watch. Gloria laughed to watch her. She was worth a thousand farms. If only something could be done to cure that twist in her face.

But suddenly the smile was gone from Claire's face—gone from Gloria's; gone from the faces of the grim visaged men and women who passed the little bakery. The spring blossoms held no perfume—the grass did not look green. The war had gone beyond Europe, humanity demanded intervention. It was no longer "they" but "we" who were fighting. Even Marconi's wireless invention had not been able to save the *Lusitania*.

The special delivery letter from Peter seemed superfluous. Gloria knew what it contained. Already he was on his way. Doctors were needed at the front. He had learned a good deal in his years in that little laboratory. While Gloria sat with his letter in her lap, won-

dering at life, rejoicing that he had gone, suppressing that dread which sprang up in her sub-conscious mind, the bell on the little shop door tinkled violently and Flora and Florence rushed in.

"We're going!" they cried in unison. "Can't even stay for graduation. Perhaps we will get a chance to work with Peter." A few, the merest few, clothes in traveling bags, a hasty kiss, a parting injunction to Claire to "take care of Mother" and they were gone. To Chicago—to New York—to a boat—to France—to battle fields—to hospitals. She had no time to think—they were gone.

Gloria was glad for the years which had steeled her to endure. Glad for Claire to care for—glad for the necessity that made her work—glad for fatigue that made her able to sleep. Creeping wearily into bed a week later, she glanced at the gourds, now transferred to the book case in their mutual bedroom.

"War, Claire," Gloria pointed to the gourd where a Kafir stood in full painted array. "War with the French, where one grandfather was killed, where one saw three hundred men buried in one well. War with the Dutch over land; war with the Kafirs. War with the Indians. War with the Spanish—and now war that reaches over the whole world." Of her four children only Nancy was safe!

SHE held out the gourd to Claire that she might better inspect the tattooed Kafir. Claire reached for it, fumbled and dropped the precious gourd upon the hard, uncarpeted floor. The old brittle pod broke into many pieces, the seeds rattled in the silence.

"O, Aunty Glory," she cried in contrition, "I have broken your treasured gourd!" She climbed out of bed, running about to pick up the shattered pieces.

"O," she cried again, "I stepped on one of the seeds. It's sharp. I never saw such a queer seed in all my life."

She dropped a small hard object into Gloria's hand. Even in the dim light of the bedroom Gloria knew it was not a time-hardened gourd seed. Although it was rough and unpolished, she knew she held a diamond in her hand.

(To be continued)

The Choice of Most Intermountain Motorists

There must be sound reasons why more intermountain motorists use Vico than any other oil.

Better performance and greater economy! Those are the outstanding features you want—and *get*, in Vico.

It performs better because it is scientifically refined to:

Flow freely in cold weather—

Stand up under the heat developed inside your motor!

Some oils do one of those jobs satisfactorily—some do the other. Vico does them *both*. It is a most remarkable achievement in modern oil refining science.

In addition, Vico is the *cleanest* oil you can buy. It contains only one-tenth to one-half as much carbon as other well-known oils.

Just try Vico in your car. It is sold with a definite money-back guarantee. Ask your nearest Vico dealer.



VICO
MOTOR OIL

Manufactured and Guaranteed by Utah Oil Refining Co., Salt Lake City



WHAT DO YOU READ IN THE FUTURE?

Present conditions bring one to realize the uncertainty of the future and the absolute necessity of being properly insured. BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE is one investment that is positive. Insurance values never fluctuate—you know just what your values will be and that it will be available when you want it.

Over two billion dollars paid during 1931 by life insurance companies. More money was paid to living policyholders than for death claims.

BENEFICIAL PROTECTION removes the gloom clouds of the future, eliminates worry and guarantees comfort for you and your loved ones.

We have a contract to cover your particular need—and your pocket book. Bear in mind

*Participating Insurance
At Low Non-Participating Rates*

Issued only by

The BIG HOME COMPANY



BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

DIRECTORS

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT
A. W. IVINS, 1ST VICE PRESIDENT
JOS. F. SMITH

HOME OFFICE: SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

E. T. RALPHS
GENERAL MANAGER

DIRECTORS

GEO. J. CANNON, 2ND VICE PRESIDENT
A. B. C. OHLSON, SECRETARY
B. F. GRANT
DAVID O. MCKAY